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LETTERS

lost (?) letter

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In his review of two books by Gabriel Kolko [*The Nation*, Oct. 6] Ronald Radosh states in connection with the Soviet request for a postwar loan from the United States: "Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has often asserted that this request was 'lost.' "

The *only* reference I have ever made to this loan request (in an article in *Foreign Affairs*, reprinted in *The Crisis of Confidence*, was in its entirety as follows:

> Washington inexplicably mislaid the request during the transfer of the records of the Foreign Economic Administration to the State Department. It did not turn up again until March 1946. Of course this was impossible for the Russians to believe; it is hard enough even for those acquainted with the capacity of the American government for incompetence to believe; and it only strengthened Soviet suspicions of American purposes. . . . The Russian hope for major western assistance in postwar reconstruction foundered on three events the Kremlin could well have interpreted as deliberate sabotage (the loan request), blackmail (Lend-lease cancellation) and pro-Germanism (reparations).

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., presents a quote, taken out of context from his own *Foreign Affairs* article, which makes it appear that Russian suspicions of U. S. policy were understandable and justified. The quote is intended to show that my statement claiming that Mr. Schlesinger "has often asserted that this request was 'lost' " is false. . . .

Why does Mr. Schlesinger accept what Thomas G. Paterson ["The Abortive American Loan to Russia and the Origins of the Cold War, 1943-1946"; *Journal of American History*, June 1969] calls the "false and bizarre announcement" that the loan request was "inexplicably mislaid"? Repeating this as if it were true is not accidental or inconsequential. . . . The excerpt makes it appear that Schlesinger is merely explaining why the Soviets had solid ground for suspicion of U.S. motives. But his article goes on to argue exactly the opposite point.

Mr. Schlesinger accepts the false official story, because he argues that it is not clear that "satisfying Moscow on any of these financial scores would have made much essential difference." A loan would have strengthened both Soviet doves and hawks, reinforcing "both sides of the Kremlin debate; it would hardly have reversed deeper tendencies toward the deterioration of political relationships. Economic deals were surely subordinate to the quality of mutual political confidence." But as William Appleman Williams already pointed out in his forceful critique of the Schlesinger article [*The Nation*, Nov. 13, 1967], "that judgment completely overlooks the impact which a serious American economic proposal would have made on the 'quality of political confidence.' "

Mr. Schlesinger's entire point, indeed, is that "problems of communication" existed with the Soviet Union, which might have made the Russians "misread our signals." According to Schlesinger, the loan request was such a case. While the Russians might "well have interpreted" its being ignored as "deliberate sabotage," there was no basis in reality for such a suspicion. But the evidence presented by Kolko and Paterson now firmly proves that the response of Soviet officials was accurate and measured: the refusal to discuss the loan request was an attempt to dictate U.S. terms. This is why Schlesinger accepts and repeats the

(Continued on page 571)

EDITORIALS

Peace, Priorities, Politics

The American peace movement is evanescent. It emerges, seemingly out of nowhere, and stages giant demonstrations; then it subsides, even seems to disappear, only to re-emerge suddenly in response to some new threat. The explanation, of course, is that peace is an emotional issue and, therefore, one hard to sustain from one crisis, and one election, to the next. The interest does not abate, but the issue has not been one around which to build a "new politics" capable of attracting new constituencies and sustaining an on-going movement for the redirection of American power and purpose.

Yet the opportunity and the resources now exist to do just that. The rallies are bigger, the support broader, and the issues more sharply focused than at any time in the past. This last year has seen the first systematic attempt not merely to cut back the military budget but to inquire into the strange ways by which it has been put together in the postwar period and to insure against a recurrence of such methods. This movement—led by Sen. William Proxmire—did not succeed in its objectives, but for all that it represents the first significant attempt to launch a frontal assault on the growing militarization of American society. It scored some telling points; more important, it laid the groundwork for future campaigns aimed at the same objectives.

A few facts need to be emphasized about this movement. In the first place, it had no organizational support whatever. The legislative drive for peace had spent itself in the more "glamorous" attempt to defeat the ABM system; it did not carry over into the broader fight to cut the military budget. However, the national press had discovered a large public sentiment against the heavy military spending and began to cater to it. Dozens of papers ran articles on "the military-industrial complex," and gave front-page space to Senator Proxmire's disclosure of waste in military spending. As a result, the flow of letters to Senators and Representatives was impressive.

To this assault the Pentagon made characteristic response. It launched a heavy public relations campaign. It also, when ordering economies to appease public opinion, made cuts that would be certain to cause the most trouble for its Congressional critics. It punished key figures in the exposés; for example, abolishing the post of A. Ernest Fitzgerald, Air Force efficiency expert (see editorial, "Pentagon Loyalty," *The Nation*, November 17). It repeatedly announced specific budget cuts, which were later included in widely publicized general "reductions." The effect was to announce the same retrenchment more than once—in several instances three or four times—thus creating the impression that the Pentagon was really responding to its critics in and out of Congress. The tactic, as Senator Proxmire noted, was "maximum publicity for minimum cuts." By and large it worked: the Pentagon will get not all but most of what it originally requested.

Next year the country elects a new Congress. It will be an off-year election, and that endangers certain

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Representatives who voted against phases of the military budget and who also joined in the broad effort to do something about it. Few Congressmen like to stress the fact that they tried to cut arms money; rightly or wrongly, they feel that to do so invites attack from their opposition, especially in the absence of a general, broad-based movement insisting on the importance of such reduction.

If, therefore, some of the conspicuous critics of Pentagon spending are defeated in next year's election, it could have a disastrous effect on the growing movement in Congress to arrest the process of militarization and to stop the military boondoggles. For this reason, the 1970 elections are of decisive importance; the movement which Senator Proxmire and others have initiated can go forward only if it receives impressive popular support.

Today the potential exists for initiating a strong coalition movement in support of peace and a reordering of national priorities. The objective should be not to elect this or that Presidential candidate in 1972, but to extend the peace-and-priorities issue into every Congressional district. No district, however benighted, should be overlooked. A movement in Charleston, S.C. against Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, even if it did not succeed, would have the desired effect. Above all, those Congressmen who compiled a good voting record this year on the military budget should be supported.

The 1970 election will be the occasion to harness the energies of the peace movement to substantive issues of a kind that will not merely sustain it, between crises, but broaden its appeal and bring in new constituencies. Such a movement can tap strong potential support by appealing to groups that have a special concern about such issues as inflation, taxes, ecological waste, consumer rights, the cities, education, housing, transportation, civil rights and civil liberties, and foreign policy per se. All of these issues are involved directly in the struggle for peace and a new ordering of national priorities. If such a political movement is not set in motion, there is a danger that the peace groups will split into different factions, as they have in the past, become involved in disputes about "tactics," be tempted in discouragement to try methods that are likely to narrow the broad appeal which today the issue of peace-and-priorities possesses. The immediate organizational target, then, should be the 1970 Congressional elections.

Can SALT Succeed?

The strategic arms limitations talks (SALT) have begun at Helsinki. These negotiations labor at the outset under all the handicaps of earlier arms-limitation attempts, such as those which came to nought after World War I. The primary difficulty was—and still is—that military planners wish to take no risk at all vis-à-vis a potential enemy. Since that attitude prevails on both sides, arms races continue, with an escalation of risk for both sides.

The present situation is even more complex. Both contestants possess many times the nuclear weapons needed to destroy each other. Moreover, nuclear weapons technology is among the most rapidly advancing of all technologies. Thus a stable balance of terror is difficult

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to achieve and perhaps even more difficult to maintain. Hence the decision to convene SALT, and hence obstacles even greater than those that vexed pre-nuclear arms-limitation negotiators. Conservative military planners on both sides will continue to oppose any significant limitation. On the American side, the Nixon Administration has adopted a somewhat less rigid stance than the Pentagon's; if it had not, there would be little point in entering into negotiations (except for probing purposes and to convince the public of the government's good intentions). But the difference between what the Joint Chiefs of Staff would willingly accept and what the American delegation will present for discussion is not great.

The danger is, then, that the negotiators will merely nibble at the edges of the problem, whereas the weapons in this armament race are so powerful that only radical measures can avail. Thus Morton H. Halperin, a former staff member of the National Security Council and a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense with responsibility for arms control, has written for *The Washington Post* an article captioned "Sparring Won't Do At Helsinki." He urges starting off with the offer of a moratorium on testing of MIRV and postponement of deployment of these devices which, with the ABMs, are the currently crucial factors in the nuclear arms race.

Another expert, Prof. Wolfgang K. H. Panofsky of Stanford University, gave the same advice at a lecture at the University of Chicago on November 10. Panofsky argues that a small step in arms limitation may be "harder to negotiate and be in fact more dangerous" to the security of both the United States and the Soviet Union than far-reaching measures. MIRV and ABM cannot be evaluated separately. Depending on design and mode of deployment, they can be viewed as offensive or defensive weapons. To overwhelm ABM by sheer weight of numbers, MIRV does not need high accuracy. If, on the other hand, it is designed for, and achieves, high accuracy, it is an efficient first-strike device, since it can knock out enough of the emplaced and targeted enemy missiles to reduce the effects of a retaliatory strike to a level which the military consider "acceptable."

Both sides must be prepared to take *some* risk, or there can be no limitation agreement. The purpose should be to reduce the present risk, which by any sane standard must be judged unacceptable. Our military planners seem to have a morbid fear that the Russians will "cheat" on any treaty that is negotiated. But since the United States found out readily about a limited, primitive Soviet ABM system (which according to Halperin has been described publicly by Administration officials as a defense installation against planes, not missiles), is it conceivable that the Soviets could "cheat" on a SALT treaty in the only way that would mean anything—by carrying through undetected the tremendous engineering program required to develop a large-scale ABM system?

Panofsky concludes: "SALT offers a new opportunity to redirect our national priorities from an unproductive and dangerous technological contest to the solution of urgent problems at home. At stake is the survival of civilization on this earth. There is very little time."

Day of Reckoning

Some historian in the future will note an important change in many aspects of American life, coincident more or less with the date when it became common custom to refer to "funding" rather than "financing." Financing means raising money, borrowing it if need be, putting up collateral, amortizing, and other onerous effort. Funding means Santa Claus—getting money from those, mainly foundations or the government, who have it and are willing to donate it for uses they approve. The practice has become so widespread that in some quarters funding has almost displaced financing as a way of life.

But like playing the market, there are times when funding leads to tribulation. It is clear that Dr. James B. Conant of Harvard showed rare insight when in 1948 he said that a university should not accept funds for military research except at a time of serious national emergency, and presumably should terminate it as soon as possible after the emergency is over.

Many officers and faculty members of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology must regret that this advice was not followed at their institution. Now the issue impinges with crushing force on an institution that has grown accustomed to living in the style which generous funding made possible, and that finds it difficult to shift to types of research other than those which a war-oriented government finds of first importance.

At M.I.T. a single research facility, the Instrumentation Laboratory, receives $26 million a year from the Pentagon for research on modern operational weapons, especially nuclear delivery systems. The rest of the facility's $54 million annual budget comes from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, whose interests have possible military side effects. On November 8, leftist students, a type once unknown at M.I.T., besieged I-Labs and were finally routed by the police. The clash caused some anguished faculty members at the scene to weep. Dr. Raymond L. Bisplinghoff, dean of the school of engineering, spoke revealingly to the press.

"The university," Dr. Bisplinghoff said, "has set as policy a deliberate movement from Department of Defense and space research to a different mix: more and more research relevant to societal problems. . . . It's going to take a considerable time to make the transition, however, and if we are going to continue on the same scale of operations here at the laboratories we're going to need lots of time and new money." The difficulty is that money is easily available for military research, but hard to come by for anything useful.

Thus the great splurge of military spending not only created the illusion of affluence and distorted the economy generally; it also debauched the bookkeeping and fiscal policies of a fine institution. M.I.T. must now sober up, but one may commiserate even more with the staff of, for instance, the Roswell Park Memorial Institute, a New York State institution for cancer research. In common with a long list of other medical research organizations and medical schools, cutbacks in federal funding have hit Roswell Park hard. The values of our culture are nowhere more clearly revealed than in the largely token cutbacks in military funding and the serious slashes in medical and nonmilitary scientific research.

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There has been some shift in emphasis from military to nonmilitary research among "think tanks" whose managers looked ahead a few years. The RAND Corporation of Santa Monica, Calif., which a few years ago served the Air Force exclusively, has gone up to 20 per cent in the nonmilitary category, and appears to have done useful work for the state of California and the city of New York. The lesson of the present crisis is that while the military Mephistopheles can make life pleasant for a time, in the end he demands his due, simply by withholding a part of what his victim covets.

Tough Questions

A powerful and successful lobby—recently dubbed the "educational-industrial complex"—is pushing through the House a $4 billion education appropriation bill for 1970. That is $1 billion more than the Administration requested.

Rep. Edith Green (D., Ore.) warned the House about the power of this lobby: "I am concerned about the education-industrial complex in the United States that is increasing in size and strength. The military budget has $80 billion in it. In the United States today at the federal, state and local levels we are spending about $60 billion on education."

Mrs. Green was reacting to pressure exercised by the Emergency Committee for Full Funding of Educational Programs. This lobby is well endowed, both politically and financially. Its money comes principally from "hardware people"—companies like Litton Industries, General Electric and Xerox, which are interested in selling educational materials.

For too long, the education lobby has justified increased education appropriations on the ground that they would insure better education for the nation's youth. To attack this argument was to attack the very basis of America's liberalism: the support of the public school system and institutions of higher education. However, the time has come to examine the effectiveness of the billions of federal dollars spent on American education. For example, a large chunk of the additional $1 billion will go to the Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA) and Impacted Area Aid, whereby extra funds are distributed to school districts having federal facilities. ESEA is touted as the "most significant compensatory educational program" devised to meet the problems of children from poor families, but its usefulness is not that obvious. The Office of Education has not even been able to ascertain how ESEA funds are used. The effectiveness of Impacted Area Aid is even more dubious. Although a pet of the Congress, it has been cut from the education legislation proposed under Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon.

Two points should be kept in mind: First, an educational-industrial complex is indeed growing up around and within the education and poverty industries, and it acts and reacts in ways strangely similar to those of the military-industrial complex. That is not necessarily bad, for education should certainly be at the top of America's agenda and should get strong national support. In fact, the complex is probably inevitable. What is essential, however, is that it should be recognized for what it is. It exists for profit, not for children, and every step should be taken to safeguard the national interest.

Second, the strong believers in federal aid to education should not go soft and support programs out of ignorance and political expediency. We must not let education, with its new-found power, drift into a closed, inexplicit budget environment similar to that of the military. This is the time to ask the tough questions.

What are the objectives of these programs? What evidence do we have that the objectives are being met? What alternatives have been tried? The answers can be embarrassing or disillusioning.

Bigot Victory

Talk-shows in Portland, Ore., as well as in many other American cities, have been popular radio fare for several years. Since the spring of 1966, the leading talk station in Portland has been KLIQ. At the close of October, it had eight moderators, each with his own show. Then KLIQ canceled its talk-show format and switched to Country Music, Western Style.

In a policy statement delivered several times over the air, KLIQ's general manager, David J. Jack, gave the reason in detail:

> A considerable number of narrow-minded bigots felt that any idea that was contrary to their beliefs was at the least socialistic, and at the worst, communistic-inspired.
>
> We even welcomed these people as speakers. We felt that they too had the right to be heard. And they were heard. But that didn't satisfy them. Freedom of expression on the air wasn't good enough for them. They wanted and demanded more. They wanted moderators fired. They wanted programs canceled. They wanted advertisers off the air. My children were intimidated. My wife was insulted. Our moderators were threatened and advertisers on KLIQ were subjected to hate mail and telephone-call campaigns.
>
> For years we have put up with this type of abuse because we truly felt that KLIQ was fulfilling a community need, and that if we ignored these attacks they would go away. But we were wrong, so very wrong. For the attacks continued. They not only continue, but they seem to grow with every month that passes. And so, reluctantly, we are throwing in the towel. We don't like to, in fact we hate to, but to face another five or ten years of this type of abuse would be intolerable.

None of the eight moderators could, by any rational standards, be classified as radical. One was an outspoken supporter of George Wallace and strident hawk on Vietnam. A few were liberals, quite mild. Four opposed the war in Vietnam, and for this they were smeared as traitors. One man, who opposed both the war and hunting, became a special target. He received death threats, and had to broadcast with police protection.

Views which generated the most intense bigotry were: opposition to the war in Vietnam, support of gun-control legislation, support of sex education in the schools, support of fluoridation, opposition to racism, and a distaste for hunting. Almost without exception the telephone calls and letters came from persons who refused to give or sign their names.

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THE MARXIST ROMANTICS

OBITUARY FOR SDS

LARRY DAVID NACHMAN
Mr. Nachman is assistant professor of political science at Richmond College (City University of New York) on Staten Island.

On the long weekend of October 8 to 11, several hundred members of the "Weatherman" faction of SDS engaged in sporadic street fights with the Chicago police. By the end of the weekend, scores of "urban guerrillas" had been arrested and some will presumably be indicted on various felony charges up to and including attempted murder. This event, whose result in personal terms may be that a number of young men and women will spend the rest of their youth in the obscurity of Illinois prisons, may mark in political terms the end of SDS as a national force. Since for a time that force was considerable, one naturally looks back to discover what brought SDS to the position it took on the streets of Chicago.

From its inception SDS was part of the student movement, and it must be understood in terms of its relationship to that movement as a whole. The civil rights movement of the early sixties created large numbers of student activists who went out from their colleges into projects or demonstrations in the South and in their local communities. Two points should be noted about these activities. First, they were rarely directed against the university or college from which the activists were drawn. Second, the student activists saw their role as one of detached involvement in the struggle for freedom of an oppressed group. That is to say, the students tended to accept the image of themselves that was held by society as a whole. They were the overindulged beneficiaries of middle-class affluence; they had no personal grievances against the political and social system, but were acting on behalf of those less fortunate than themselves.

The Berkeley free speech movement changed all that. Its significance was that for the first time students were using the political skills and techniques they had developed in the civil rights movement for a direct attack on the university as an institution and the students' place in it. The university was attacked as a bureaucratic instrument of political socialization. No matter how great the value of the scholarship and education carried on there, the social function of the university was to train the new technical and managerial class. And to many students the university seemed to reproduce the atmosphere and the imperatives of the corporation: the campus was dehumanized by large lecture halls, absentee teachers, standardized courses, standardized exams and the standardized programs of study.

And yet, at the same time, one of the major sources of student discontent lay in the fact that for masses of Americans college provided an insight into what a liberated life might be like. The student was freed from monotonous labor and was, by comparison with other groups in the population, free to concern himself with self-development. He was in a community where highly civilized activities such as politics and culture could be carried on effectively. For all its problems and inadequacies, life in college seemed to many of the students infinitely richer than the workaday lives that society offered them after college. This is why the cultural revolution is so important among disaffected youth. It stands for experimentation in new social forms and the rejection of a middle-class value system that gives the central position to work and career. After Berkeley, political radicalism and cultural radicalism were united.

When the war in Vietnam became the dominant political issue for college students, their position became significantly different from what it had been during the drive for civil rights. The students attacked the war as an issue in which they did have a personal interest. In the first place, young men were in agony over the draft. By the thousands, they brooded over their alternatives: to become a murderer, an exile or a convict. In the second place, the universities were seen to be participating in the war, through ROTC, defense contracts, etc.

It is often said that the students chose to attack the university because it was incapable of defending itself, but this misses the central point that the university was the students' own community. For some time the Left had been discussing the principle of participatory democracy, the right of people to exercise some measure of control over the institutions and communities in which they spent a significant part of their lives. Now students who were enraged over the government's policy in Vietnam found that their own community was part of the horror: they felt that they were themselves being drawn into the web of complicity. For the student, the issue was enfranchisement. He was asserting his right to have his moral position taken seriously in his own community.

How, then, did SDS function in the midst of this burgeoning political movement? One must begin by rejecting the answer that is most often given by the press and the politicians, and sometimes by SDS itself—that SDS radicalized political opinion on campus. The creator of a radical American campus was not SDS but the government of the United States. The press has consistently reported a division within the student opposition where none existed. The "moderate" anti-war student, so often praised in editorials, shared with the "militants" a conviction that American political institutions were bankrupt and that the war was an immoral aggression against the people of Vietnam. The same person could move without internal contradiction from the occupation of a building to a Kennedy or McCarthy campaign.

SDS did not radicalize the student movement; it politicized it. In the midst of a moral attack on the war, defense spending, racism at home, SDS posed questions: Who made these policies? What are the sources of power of the policy makers? Who profits from these policies? And SDS also asked the thorniest question of all: If you oppose the war, how do you get the power to stop it?

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SDS was a highly decentralized organization. Indeed, it was more a state of mind than an organization. For all intents and purposes, the local chapters were autonomous. This flexibility encouraged the development of projects directed toward locally relevant issues. Students did not join SDS because it constituted a more radical alternative to other organizations or because it offered a coherent ideology. They joined SDS to oppose the war *actively*. I recall an incident that occurred at a meeting of Columbia students and faculty shortly after the police had brought the campus "under control." A professor of philosophy demanded of the students that they consider the moral consequences of their actions. In reply a student rose and asked, "Has the faculty considered the moral consequences of its inaction?" SDS was the activist tip of the radical iceberg, and it was this for a generation that cannot understand a disjunction between having political ideas and acting politically.

The activity of SDS on campus was intensely political. It challenged the proposition that the university was autonomous and neutral, and it exposed the financial and institutional connections between the university and the government. It tested the assertion that the university was governed internally by rational persuasion. It demonstrated that only a community of political equals can be said to be governed by rational persuasion, and held that, because the universities were unwilling to admit their students to political equality, the universities had to rule despotically. SDS's most spectacular action revealed that the "free rational community" of Columbia University rested on police power.

In short, the substratum of campus opposition to the war was discontent over the structure and policies of the universities themselves. Because the students in SDS were accustomed to think in terms of politics and power, SDS became a useful vehicle for turning generalized dissent over the war to concrete opposition to particular university policies. Whether or not a serious disruption occurred on a given campus tended to depend less on the extent and intensity of anti-war feeling than on the responsiveness of the administration and faculty to the issues raised by the students. Indeed, it frequently happened that in the wake of a disruption administrators and faculty admitted that there were valid grounds for discontent and a need for reform of the university structure.

SDS, by itself, could not produce a major disruption. That required a spontaneous action by relatively large numbers of students. SDS could set the stage by testing the willingness of a university to permit its students a share in decision making, but SDS always remained a fraction of the anti-war students on campus. The strength of SDS depended on its working closely and sensitively with that larger mass. However, beginning in the fall of 1968, SDS began, consciously and deliberately, to separate itself from the student movement.

On the night of Friday the 13th of September, 1968, Columbia SDS held a meeting in the auditorium of Earl Hall, the religious center of Columbia University. This meeting brought into the open the strains, problems and downright stupidity that, in less than a year, would tear SDS into a number of impotent squabbling factions. The purpose was to decide strategy for the coming academic year. The 200 to 300 participants who packed the auditorium were almost all veterans of the occupation of the previous spring. These were the people who a few months before had brought the normal operations of the university to a halt and caused thousands of members of the Columbia community to pause to consider the questions of its involvement in the political life of the nation and in the Harlem community on which it abutted. They had by their action created a broad agreement at Columbia that basic university reform was needed and that both the students and the faculty would have to be given more power in university affairs. The question now was where SDS should go from there.

The discussion that night was dominated by a debate between the two groups that were to split SDS the following June. On the one hand, the "Labor Committee" was a faction within SDS whose political orientation was the orthodox Marxist-Leninism of the Progressive Labor (P.L.) Party. On the other hand, Mark Rudd was the principal spokesman for the "New Left" position that one normally associated with SDS.

P.L. shared with many Americans a simple incapacity to take the student movement seriously. To the students assembled in Earl Hall, to students who had faced expulsion, policemen's clubs and criminal indictments, P.L.

Noonan

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set forth the position that students could not by themselves be genuinely radical; a student movement was merely a student interest group. In a society that was increasingly dependent upon universities to provide its scientists and managers, P.L. argued that the university was of marginal concern. Amidst the ferment at Columbia, P.L. was persuaded that it was impossible to reform the university without first transforming the whole of society. In a nation whose expanding technology had reduced its workers to hangers-on who fearfully organized and fought to retain obsolete jobs, P.L. sought to view the working class as intrinsically revolutionary and the bearers of a future society. P.L.'s conclusion was that the Columbia students should abandon their demands for changes at Columbia and ally themselves with the working class. In short, P.L. was continuing the historic mission of Marxist-Leninist parties in the West—the destruction of all vital radical movements.

There was a strange quality to Mark Rudd's response to the P.L. position. He appeared to accept a common theoretical and analytical ground and argued on purely tactical matters. He asserted that student actions served as positive examples to the oppressed groups, including the working class. He agreed that students should not organize on behalf of their own interests and conceded that the university was not a central concern. Throughout his remarks, he drew on traditional Marxist categories and, of course, he was no match for those whose grounding in Marxism was far more extensive than his. The debate that should have been between the old and the New Left never materialized that night.

I think there are several reasons for the failure of Mark Rudd and his allies to join the issue with P.L. In the first place, they were now paying the penalty for not having done their homework. They were generally well-informed on matters of contemporary politics and they had a flair for muckraking. But what they needed now was a political theory that was drawn from and relevant to the political experiences of the sixties. They needed a theory on which to base a coherent vision of politics and the human condition, so that they could understand where they had been and where they ought to go. Lacking that solid intellectual base, they took what was accessible, a third-hand version of Marxist thought.

In fairness, it should be said that SDS was not entirely to blame for not having an adequate intellectual base. From whom, after all, were they to receive the word? A sufficient number of intellectuals had so compromised their position as to undermine the students' respect for the role of intellect in politics. Some social scientists had subordinated the critical and investigative functions of their disciplines to the imperatives of policy making. Then there were the political aesthetes, whose awe and admiration of the complexity of institutions made them suspicious, even contemptuous, of any political criticism save that voiced by the "technical experts." An influential group of American philosophers had for a generation turned the investigation of moral and political questions into an elegant word game. And there were the grants men, whose appreciation of the autonomy and neutrality of the university vanished at first sight of Defense Department stipends. The "anti-intellectualism" of the students was at least in part a reaction against teachers who had not engaged in detached, serious, intellectual inquiry.

Moreover, they were genuinely troubled by the charge that they were degenerating into a student interest group. As a result of the rise of Black Power, white activists had been cut off from direct participation in political actions on behalf of the blacks. From 1965 on, white activists were repeatedly taunted by black militants, who charged that they were merely playing at revolution, that their commitment was superficial, that at the first sign of real danger they would run back to the suburbs. In this connection, it is well to remember that during the occupation at Columbia the black students had forced the whites to leave Hamilton Hall because the blacks did not believe that the whites were sufficiently committed to the issues. This kind of goading placed a persistent psychological pressure upon white radicals who, indeed, had self-doubts and an urgent need to test the depths of their courage and commitment.

After thousands of young men had gone into exile or to prison as draft resisters, after the Pentagon, Chicago and Columbia itself, one would have thought that the courage and commitment of the student Left would no longer have been an issue. Indeed, a case could be made to show that the criticisms raised by the students were inherently more radical than the criticisms raised by the blacks. As Herbert Marcuse has put it: "The abolition of material poverty is a possibility within the *status quo;* peace, joy, and the abolition of labor are not." But Rudd could take the student movement no more seriously than could P.L.; it was middle class and hence fundamentally unreliable. It must be tested again and again and again. And students should not concern themselves with university matters. They must go out to the people. Like the social revolutionaries of 19th-century Russia, Rudd was moving toward a position that was a mixture of "back to the peasants" and terrorism.

The result of the meeting that night was that the two major factions of SDS, each for its own reasons, turned their backs on the university communities, which are the only large radical constituency in this country. In April 1968, hundreds of students had occupied buildings at Columbia; hundreds of others had demonstrated in support of them. In the spring of 1969, the two factions at Columbia, on separate occasions, engaged in abortive occupations. On both occasions, they were alone.

During the academic year of 1968-69, P.L. intensified its criticism of the student movement. At two successive national conferences of SDS, it brought in resolutions condemning the use of marijuana. For the American college student, the drug laws symbolize society's unwillingness to recognize the individual's right to enjoy himself in this world. But for P.L. this was another instance of the bourgeois nature of student radicalism.

During the same year, Mark Rudd and other prominent members of SDS turned increasingly for inspiration toward Third World guerrillas like Che Guevara. Disregarding the differences between an underdeveloped

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society and a post-industrial society, they adopted a vocabulary and a style that can best be described as Marxist-Romantic. Their urgent, passionate desire to act annihilated what political sanity remained in them. Ultimately, they were attracted to pure violence as the most direct and personal form of political action. The result was Weatherman. During that Chicago weekend, a member of Weatherman said, "The most important lesson we have learned is that we can fight too—that we have a role—that's a tremendous lesson."

Neither faction, including the Revolutionary Youth Movement II, which split off from the Ruddites, can be expected to have much further influence on American campuses. But though SDS went its own way, the student movement still exists. This movement is not an organization, not an ideology, but an overwhelming political fact. That fact is that hundreds of thousands of college students who would normally have been expected to enter into the technical and managerial elite not only have refused to do so but are fundamentally critical of the whole structure of society, of its policies and performances. Coming behind them are God knows how many high school students who are now living as internal *émigrés*, biding their time until they are free to make their feelings known. Out of the heart of American affluence, a generation has arisen which has been promised the best that America can offer and has judged that that best is not good enough. The real political struggle of the future will not be over poverty and economic oppression. As Marcuse suggests, those ills can be eliminated without a fundamental change in the political and social life. The real struggle will be over the quality of human life which society permits and affords. And in that struggle, which will be fought entirely *within* the middle class, today's radical students and their successors will be a major factor for years to come.

AGRIBUSINESS

REAPING THE SUBSIDIES

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

It still isn't clear what the total legacy of his eight-year career as Secretary of Agriculture will amount to, but at least Orville Freeman left behind a sound description of farming in this country: "a miracle and a mess."

On the one hand, modern farming techniques can in a single season not only glut the market but also fill every available warehouse and storage bin with unneeded crops. To keep that miraculous power under control, the government, on the other hand, distributes money to the farmer by way of crop supports, land retirement payments and other largess in such a messy and seemingly senseless fashion that it offends a great bloc of the public.

Every year the U.S. Department of Agriculture pays more than $3 billion for nonwork (leaving land idle) and to support the price of crops that would otherwise have a rough time competing on the world market. About half this money is pocketed by the farmers who need it least—those in the top 15 per cent income bracket. This has been going on in one form or another for thirty-five years, and if the handouts have done much good, they obviously have had other effects as well.

During the same thirty-five years there has been a sharp trend toward domination of the food market by large commercial and corporate firms, while half the medium-sized producers have been squeezed out of business, and the really small farmers—almost untouched by the bounty—have slipped deeper into peonage.

The support programs are being opposed in Congress this year with more intensity than has been seen before in this bitter debate that rolls around almost as regularly as the seasons. Critics of the big subsidies are attempting once again to place a ceiling—proposals vary from $20,000 to $45,000—on any one payment made by the USDA. (Outside Congress the debate is marked by its usual inconsistencies and confusion, perfectly illustrated by the American Farm Bureau Federation's alleged opposition to the subsidy ceiling because it is in principle against *any* subsidies, restricted or otherwise.)

If not imminent, the end of the big subsidies seems inevitable. Most key USDA officials in the Johnson administration—except for Secretary Freeman and Horace Godfrey, the administrator of the subsidy programs and now a lobbyist for the cane sugar growers—reportedly favored a ceiling. Most members of the House also voted that way this year—no surprise, since fewer than sixty Representatives come from districts which have more than 15 per cent farm population. However, the Senate, whose farm-state members are in powerful positions to wheel and deal, turned back the 1969 reform movement, and its legislative future is uncertain.

The ceiling advocates, armed with stacks of dramatic statistics, push ahead with their argument that only by setting some limits can the government ever make its subsidies other than a bonanza for wealthy farmers—an argument shored up most impressively by the fact that every year the top twenty farmers in the nation take more booty from the Department of Agriculture than do the bottom 350,000 farmers put together.

It would be a serious mistake, however, to think that big subsidies are without their defenders. Many highly placed and knowledgeable people believe the programs are working splendidly. One hears no complaints, for example, from the owners of the J.G. Boswell Company of Kings County, Calif., who last year were paid $3,010,042 in government subsidies—the largest payment made to any one farm. In fact, Boswell received nearly three

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times as much in federal handouts as did all of New York's farmers combined.

Nor has anyone heard Sir Frank Kearton criticize the USDA's generosity. Sir Frank is chairman of Courtald Corporation of Manchester, England, which is the world's largest producer of man-made fabrics and which also has vast foreign holdings of timber and cotton land. Among its possessions is the Delta and Pine Company of Bolivar County, Miss., the world's largest experimental cotton plantation (38,000 acres—nearly 60 square miles—broken into fifteen smaller plantations; it owns one town, Scott, of 323 citizens). Courtald Corporation is not exactly hard up. It is capitalized at $1.5 billion and, according to the British Embassy in Washington, has an annual sales turnover of about $100 million. But the U.S. Government pays more than $600,000 in cotton subsidies each year to Delta and Pine.

Sir Frank's proxy neighbor, Sen. James O. Eastland, got $117,000 in direct payments from the government last year, more than anyone else in Sunflower County. Eastland and his relatives own more than 6,000 acres of rich Mississippi land which grows for them $158,000 in subsidies each year.

And Kenneth E. Frick, administrator of the USDA's Agricultural Stabilization and Commodities Service, which oversees the subsidy handouts, does not deplore the system. There may be reasons, aside from loyalty, for this tolerance. Frick and a variety of relatives, including an uncle and a nephew, have reaped roughly $340,000 from cotton subsidies relating to their California farms in the last couple of years. Frick owns 2,089 acres in Kern County.

Another important man who appears content with the farm programs is George Mahon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, which approves the money that goes into the subsidies. USDA records show that Mahon's brother, Durward, of Lubbock, Tex., received $26,978 last year. But doubtless more important to Mahon than these fraternal ties is the fact that Texas farmers benefit from the farm support programs far more than do those of any other state. In his district alone, more than 1,200 farmers receive annual subsidy checks of $20,000 and up. One-fifth of the nation's farmers who got more than $5,000 from the government last year are Texans.

One thing becomes clear at once from the list of $20,000-and-up payments: when it comes to the fat payoffs, the USDA's support program is national in name only. Last year, the New England states got no big payments; New York had only two. The most favored region for $20,000-and-up subsidies is the cotton belt of the Deep South and of Arizona and California. The land of cotton received nine out of ten of the big payments.

Of course, middle-sized and small farmers do receive price support and acreage diversion payments, and they help. Often the payments delay disaster. Wheat and corn are predominantly crops for the medium and small farmer. Of the 2,389 South Dakota farmers who received subsidy checks of more than $5,000 last year, only thirty-five got more than $20,000; of the 4,549 checks of more than $5,000 that went to North Dakota, only fifty-nine were for more than $20,000. Congress could set a subsidy ceiling of $10,000 and affect only 10 per cent of the wheat acreage.

But even in the line-up of big corn and wheat commodity payments, the fifth leading state is Texas. One may assume that William Robert Poage of Texas, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, was thinking of the nearly half-billion-dollar payments the home folks receive from the USDA—not merely of the subsidy-eligible feed grain crops he raises on his own two farms—when he wrote a Waco newspaper recently, defending the largess with the argument that "virtually every segment of the economy other than agriculture has received subsidies in either direct or indirect form. Railroads, steamships and airlines long have enjoyed subsidies. Tariffs and quotas which protect American manufacturers from ruinous competition of foreign-made equipment are an indirect subsidy and clearly increase the cost of things farmers must buy."

He is quite correct. The subsidization of the food production processes cannot be considered either radical or illogical in the controlled U.S. economy. It is simply another way of trying to match supply with demand. Farmers have one thing in common with, say, steel industrialists and oil men: they can produce too much for their own or for the nation's good.

But the problems are different in that there are a great many more farmers than there are steel or oil producers. It is an easy matter for a few companies to get together in a clubby way and say, O.K., we'll produce at 60 to 65 per cent capacity and keep the price up. But among 3 million farmers, most of whom think of themselves as flaming individualists, the problem of getting agreement on anything is formidable. That's where the government comes in, coaxing the farmers into a controlled situation. If he wants protection, the farmer must give up independence. It is all done in the mystic name of "parity," which is supposed to guarantee that the prices a farmer gets for his produce keep pace with his costs.

Not all farmers are coaxable. Beef and pork producers have always resisted government controls and they get no subsidies because they don't want them. But although they like to talk about their independence from government help, they aren't bashful about demanding rigid embargoes on foreign meat; and, when the price of beef and pork begins to fall, these ranchers suddenly become the most vociferous advocates of government lunch programs, food aid to the needy, and a higher protein diet for servicemen.

Vegetable and poultry farmers used to get government subsidies, but a few years ago, after the government wound up owning a great quantity of rotten eggs and potatoes, everyone agreed that the storage of perishable foods was an insurmountable problem, and these commodities were knocked off the subsidy list. Instead, their growers get help from the government in the supervision of marketing agreements. The producers of, say, grapes get together and decide that they want the government to control the marketing of their crop. After the government marketing board decides that there will probably be a crop of 500,000 tons of grapes, but that only 400,000 tons are needed, producers are allowed to market only

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80 per cent of their crop. By voting their approval of the marketing order, the grape farmers bind themselves, and if a farmer doesn't comply he is subject to penalties.

A similar mandatory agreement applies to one of the big subsidy crops—cotton—but it does not apply to its twin colossus, wheat. If cotton farmers vote to accept the total national quota—in 1969 it was 16 million acres—then they agree to hold their individual production to fit that pattern, and in return they are assured of government price support and sometimes of acreage diversion payments. Wheat farmers operate in roughly the same fashion, except that they accept government subsidies on a voluntary basis. If they want to ignore the government program, they can do so without penalties, but are required to sell on the world market, which right now is risky.

Next year the national wheat crop will be planted on 45.5 million acres. A wheat farmer with 1,000 acres goes into his county Agriculture Stabilization and Commodities Service office to sign up for his share. The government experts stick their fingers up and guess at the weather, then they analyze market conditions, and decide that the right amount for him to cultivate is maybe 500 acres. So they pay him to leave 500 acres idle and guarantee him a certain price for the wheat produced on the remaining 500.

In a scheme of such massive scope, there is no way to guard against the farmer who fudges on the spirit of the law: renting the stoniest part of his farm to the government while he pours the fertilizer to the rest of acreage and comes up with almost as big a crop as he would have had if the government hadn't tried to buy him off. And there will always be the gentleman grafter, such as the Midwest banker with no interest in farming but much desire for land, who bought a farm for the sole purpose of getting a government nonproduction pay-off.

Noonan

None of the crop control schemes is guaranteed to work perfectly. They can be critically thrown out of balance by variables ranging from the climate on other continents to the antagonism of the Secretary of Agriculture to the programs. In 1967, there was great pressure on Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman to open up on wheat. The Food for Peace Program had been expanded; some panicky experts in this country said we might have a wheat shortage; India had suffered one of its periodic famines, and everyone was urging him to let the American wheat farmer rush to the rescue. So Freeman increased the wheat acreage. The weather was favorable, and the American wheat farmer got a bumper crop. But the weather was also favorable in other countries, including India. The upshot was that the extra production was not needed and our surplus wheat stocks shot up from a 400-million-bushel carry-over to 700 million bushels. One reason why wheat quotas have been sliced this year is that the USDA is trying to wipe out this philanthropic miscalculation.

Grotesque messes occur when the Secretary of Agriculture does not fully use the controls at hand. This happened under President Eisenhower's secretary, Ezra Taft Benson, who was trying to get rid of the government programs. In the final year of his term, production went wild and resulted in the nightmare of 1961 when the government became the unhappy possessor of more than $6 billion worth of commodities and, as John Scott, Master of the National Grange, recalls, "Storage was a national scandal, costing taxpayers more than $1 million a day." Even hundreds of Liberty ships in the bone yard up the Hudson River were called into service as storage facilities. And when there was no more room in the bin, the wheat was dumped onto the ground by the millions of bushels for rats and birds to eat. It was the kind of waste that bred corruption, and it was in that period that Billy Sol Estes, Texas' fertilizer king who now resides in prison, began to tap the USDA's pipeline of easy money.

However, the government's manipulation of subsidized crops is no more heavy-handed than the farmer's own juggling of such unsubsidized commodities as beef, pork, poultry, eggs, vegetables and fruits. If the public has a hard time understanding million-dollar payments to millionaires, it probably has equal trouble accepting the destruction of thousands of acres of potatoes, as is now being done across the country, in an effort to keep up prices (one Oregon farmer conceded that the 2 acres of potatoes he destroyed would have fed 600 people for a year); or the destruction of pigs, or the dumping of milk—other recent maneuvers by farm organizations to sustain prices, usually with little market impact.

Compared to these methods, subsidization looks pretty good, and anyway, as Poage says, unless the theory of subsidy is wrong in every corner of the economy, it can have a justified place in agriculture. The trouble really begins when the USDA tries to peddle its subsidization as a humanitarian project. The department loves to say

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that its primary concern is for "family farmers." But a more accurate description of the department's subsidy programs comes from Ben Stong, who used to be Sen. George McGovern's farm expert and is now administrative aid to Montana's new Congressman, John Melcher:

> Sure, the small farmer benefits from subsidies in that he's at least able to market 75 per cent of his potential crop at a small margin per yield, whereas if everyone produced at 100 per cent and loaded the market, the price would undoubtedly go below his production costs.
>
> The system breaks down on the small farmer in that he hasn't enough production capacity to make a living. This guy in the Ozarks with 160 acres of 40-bushel corn land simply can't produce enough at *any* price. . . .
>
> If the government won't help him expand the size of his farm, if it won't train him in farm management skills, or train him for a part-time non-farm job, it's going to be just a matter of time before he falls by the wayside.

The top 3 per cent of the nation's farmers produce more than the bottom 75 per cent. In terms of manipulating the market, the government can justify its payoffs to these farmers; if its objective is to keep land out of production, it must cut in the biggest landholders. But when the government alleges that it is thinking in terms of a corrective income supplement for the struggling farmer, the pretense gets a bit sour. One can argue whether the quality of American life will be improved or degraded by the disappearance of the independent farmer, but the point here is that the subsidy program ignores the question: it is a slide-rule response to a chronic supply and demand problem.

On the eve of his departure from government, Secretary Freeman—a fanatical defender of subsidies—was seized by a sudden attack of candor. Conceding that there are more than a million farmers who gross less than $5,000 a year and are therefore true welfare problems, he went on to say: "Unfortunately, most politicians and writers tend to lump all farmers together when they talk about the so-called farm program, and so the public is misled. The idea gets around: 'Well, here is this expensive farm program, and it isn't doing anything for the little farmer.' The fact of the matter is that these commodity farm programs I've been talking about were never meant to solve the problems of the little farmer with a substandard size of operation."

Once, just once during the Johnson administration, the White House said that the agriculture program of the future would have room for no more than a million farmers. (Which means that 2 million farmers would have to drop out.) The men who have shaped farm policy aren't often that open. Usually they will avoid admitting that they see farming only in terms of the big operator and that they are industry-oriented, not people-oriented.

Nothing new ever happens in agriculture. With South-dominated farm committees controlling the USDA, time stands still. There has been a constant seesaw between plunder and poverty from the beginning of the subsidy era in 1933, when the government paid farmers to plow under 10 million acres of cotton and kill 6 million pigs—to save prices. It did indeed save the big landowners, and it saved, for a few years at least, many middle-sized farms, but the tenant farmers were progressively ruined by the Roosevelt programs, and many of them, and their children, were driven off the land and are now the sullen inhabitants of Los Angeles and Chicago and Harlem. The very first year gave signs of what was coming: while Bolivar County, Miss., received the biggest handout for crop retirement in 1933-34 ($380,394, which went to 2 per cent of the population), the amount spent on relief in the county increased from $1,300 to $48,300. The tenants were obviously being wiped out. And when a program was set up for keeping the tenants alive and working—this was the resettlement program whereby several large plantations were purchased with federal money, cut up into small farms and resold to the displaced tenants on easy terms—it wasn't long before Congress, though it had seen nothing socialistic about subsidizing the plantation owners, judged tenant resettlement to be downright communistic and ended the program.

The inequities of the New Deal approach to the farmers—which, in modified form, is still the basis of the USDA's operation—can be criticized severely today, but so desperate was the American farmer in the 1930s that it is almost beside the point to criticize the programs in the context of their formation period. Something—however lopsidedly administered, however leaky—something had to be done or, as Edward O'Neal, the legendary leader of the American Farm Bureau, warned Congress: "We will have revolution in the countryside within less than twelve months."

From the crash of the stock market in 1929 to the inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt as President in 1933, the gross income of the cotton farmer fell by two-thirds. The "average" farmer who had earned $735 in 1929, was earning $216 in 1932. Hunger was commonplace, even among what had once been the middle class.

The agriculture programs of the Roosevelt era came pouring into this abyss. In the first year, the Roosevelt administration handed out more than $175 million in crop support and land retirement payments and for reimbursing farmers for killing hogs—an impressive sum for those days—and about 65 per cent of it went into the South where the margin for survival was narrowest. Briefly it looked as if the USDA was going to change its emphasis, and that any administration willing to take radical action for the top half of the farm population might be willing to take radical action to save the bottom half. But it never quite happened.

Some of the old hands in the USDA can remember when their exciting plans for a people's agriculture were slowly buried. One of them, an official at a moderately high level, recently ticked off the decades like this:

> Take the thirties. In the beginning the bright young lawyers in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration tried to work out a program that would wrest control of agriculture from the plantation owners and the even then all-powerful agribusiness types. But they failed. . . .
>
> Every time a new agency was set up to help the underprivileged farmer, it was stripped of its power, denied money by Congress, and eventually shuffled into something else.
>
> And all the way down the years, the poor farmers

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were betrayed or ignored. Henry Wallace didn't give a damn about the poor farmers, nor did Clinton Anderson. Charles Brannan had the right instincts but he had his hands full fighting other fights. And then came the fifties and Ezra Taft Benson, who was a throwback. Then came the sixties and Orville Freeman. He left too much to his aides. Toward the end of his regime Freeman visited the South, saw the poverty there and became interested, but then it was too late. I don't mean to imply that Freeman wasn't sympathetic. He thought of himself as a great liberal, and perhaps he was, but he listened to the wrong people in the beginning and he was irritated by the militants at the end. He never sorted out the alternatives. He had a great opportunity to marshal all of the forces of the Agriculture Department in a massive attack upon poverty and he blew it.

But the Congressional farm committees weren't blowing it. They were concocting and solidifying the fat-cat subsidy programs. It was done in a very harmonious fashion, for the membership of the Congressional committees is largely drawn from cotton and wheat states. Of the seven Democrats on the Senate Agriculture Committee, six are from the Southern Cotton Belt; on the Republican side, four of the six members are from Midwest wheat and grain states. Of the thirteen committeemen, only two are from east of the Mississippi River and north of the Mason-Dixon line.

On the House farm committee, fourteen of the thirty-three members are from Old Confederacy states; only four are from the Northeast, and that includes the very urban and very bored Allard Lowenstein of New York, who was assigned to the Agriculture Committee, it is generally assumed, as a kind of banishment.

In fact, so entrenched are the farm programs and so resistant to new theories, that more and more Congressmen, even those from farming states, have come to look upon the farm committees as banishment. Since the game is a monotonous ping-ponging between the special interests of big wheat and big cotton, few Congressmen with ambition and imagination want to get involved. Few sharp legislators willingly join a committee that automatically backs big subsidies for cotton, for example, when anyone capable of reading the market page knows that cotton planters should not be encouraged to continue growing anything like the present quantities of their quaintly antiquated fiber.

Some of the data from the National Cotton Council's own files would indicate that the crop from which Dixie historically has spun out its economic fate is today scarcely more pertinent to the basic needs of the nation than, say, the bicycle. Dabney Welford, economist for the Cotton Council, is quite straightforward about the cotton slippage and the reasons for it. In 1956, he says, the market consumed 9.1 million bales of cotton, about 600,000 bales more than were consumed last year. "During the past eighteen months there have been some tremendous market losses," he said, "partly because the price of cotton went up to a level that was not competitive with blend fabrics that rely mostly on man-made fibers, and partly because these latter have become much more wrinkle-proof than they were a few years ago."

For some time U.S. cotton farmers have been unable to compete with the price of foreign cotton; to defend them on that point the government has thrown up a total embargo against cotton imports. This, of course, would seem to put domestic textile mills at a disadvantage. So to make things square with the mill owners, the government pays them a third of $1 billion a year to compensate for having to buy the cotton whose price the government inflated in the first place. Thus the consumer is stuck with financing two subsidies *plus* the higher retail price that these subsidies bring about.

It's this kind of subsidization, especially, that is arousing heavy pressure for change. "It has become clear," said Rep. Odin Langen of Minnesota, one of the few members of Congress representing districts which have more than 25 per cent of the people living on farms, "that the public will no longer accept farm programs that rely primarily on government subsidy payments to farmers."

But this tremendous public concentration on one defect could create an unreasonably hostile atmosphere in which, in the name of reform, actions are taken that help only the farmers who need it least.

It could happen all the easier because the farm bloc in Congress has shriveled with its constituency. There were 6.8 million farm families in 1937; today there are fewer than 3 million, and the liquidation continues at a steady pace of about 90,000 families a year. Thirty years ago farmers were 20 per cent of the population; today they are less than 6 per cent.

The farmers who survive are so splintered in their own views, and so overwhelmingly outnumbered by city folks that the generic, overalled, tractor-driving red-faced son of the boondocks no longer swings much weight in Washington. Not long ago 400 farmers from Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Pennsylvania rode into Washington on their tractors and pickup trucks carrying signs like "Parity Not Charity," but they received scant attention from their Congressmen and little more from the press.

As a lobby that gets prompt and obsequious service in the capital, the family farmer has been replaced by the sophisticated agribusinessman—the middleman processor, textile mill owner, the meat packer, the canner, the chain grocery store executive, the feeder: big businessmen, big money men, big corporation men who already control the poultry market from the chicken coop to the market, who control most of the cotton (especially in Arizona and California) just as thoroughly, and who are well on their way to controlling most beef from conception to the meat counter. The tightness of their grip on agriculture will be limited only to the extent that it is difficult, if not really impossible, to hold 3 million farmers in line. But if this number were reduced to, say, 1 million and if that million were the biggest and most sympathetic to the profit motives of agribusiness—who knows what fine lock could be put on the industry?

That is what worries many farmers who now hear the American Farm Bureau Federation (AFBF) and Secretary of Agriculture Clifford Hardin and a coterie of Senators, led until recently by the late Everett Dirksen of Illinois, propose the "retirement" of 50 million acres of farm land. Instead of being kept idle from year to year

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through subsidies, this land would be permanently leased out of circulation. The current leader of the $20,000 ceiling movement, Paul Findley of Illinois, has tied land retirement into his own bill. It would not set aside pieces of farms, as with the present "acreage diversion" but would abolish whole farms, and these would be the medium to small family farms.

The Farm Bureau and its friends in Congress hold that the trend away from family farming is inevitable, and that the large commercial farms will bring more efficiency,* less waste, reduced subsidy and a more reliable balance between production and demand. But the proposal to retire 50 million acres is, at best, a dubious expedient; various programs now in effect have already removed that much land from production and yet the surpluses pile up at the slightest tip of the market. With his new fertilizers and production techniques the American farmer is a man hard to keep in line. One group of advisers has told Secretary Hardin that the cost of retiring the acreage will run $2 billion to $2.5 billion above previous estimates and that, to maintain prices at the 1967 levels, he will have to remove 80 million to 90 million acres, rather than 50 million. It is uncertain where the retirement plan would end, but it is certain that there would never again be nearly as many farmers.

Roger Fleming, secretary-treasurer of the AFBF, does not like to interpret the massive land retirement proposal as chasing anyone off the farm, but there is a tone of corporate bookkeeping in his reference to "premiumizing inefficiency—that's what you get when you go down the road of supporting individual farmers." There is some question, however, whether this reflects grass-roots sentiment. Although the AFBF is the largest farm organization in the country, about half of its members are not farmers at all but insurance men, bankers, real estate dealers and the like; furthermore, the AFBF's president, Charles B. Shuman, has also been president of the National Food Conference Association, whose membership includes meat packers, cereal manufacturers, flour millers, chain stores and grocery manufacturers—most of whom could hardly be considered the economic ally of the farmer.

The AFBF works closely with the National Association of Manufacturers and with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and its ultraconservative political and economic theories can seldom be differentiated from theirs. On one memorable occasion, the AFBF's general counsel, testifying before the House Agriculture Committee, suggested that the farm support plans were the handiwork of Communists. Although Chairman Poage could hardly be classified as a liberal, much less a Red, this was too much for him and he promptly gaveled the session to adjournment, shouting at the AFBF lawyer: "We'll not go further into this up here! But if you want to discuss it further I'll meet you in the alley!"

More than differences of theory as to supply and demand, the old Left-Right passions and inter-organizational rivalries (AFBF versus the comparatively liberal alliance of such organizations as the National Farmers Union, the National Farmers Organization, the Grange, etc.) will determine the course of the debate as it continues among the farm organizations. And these passions are certainly not guaranteed to give accurate guidance. There may be excellent reasons to support Congressman Findley's $20.000 ceiling, but some who would otherwise do so will shy away because the Illinois AFBF once used its address plates to circulate election material on his behalf. Many of the quarter-million members of the National Farmers Union, for example, will conclude that a friend of the AFBF is no friend of theirs. And conversely, many AFBF members will not listen to the NFU's counter-proposals because AFBF officials have so often hung the "pink" tag on the union. Because important priorities of agriculture have been neglected for so long, the arguments have deteriorated to that kind of sniping.

* If this is true—and there is no evidence that it is true—the Internal Revenue Service should be concerned that in one recent year, of the 103 millionaires involved in farming, eighty-eight showed a net loss; of the 228 in the $500,000 to $1 million income bracket, 201 claimed a net loss. These tax-loss "hayseeds," who don't care about commodity prices, make it all the rougher on the family farmer.

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Coming Winter of Discontent

ANDREW BOYD

Mr. Boyd writes on politics and economics for the New Statesman, Tribune, The Economist, Spectator, *and widely in the Irish press on both sides of the border. He also broadcasts frequently on television and radio in Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland. His* Holy War in Belfast, *published in Ireland on September 1, has become a best seller.*

Belfast

Northern Ireland has the formal appearance of a democracy. Elections are held; the ballot is secret; people vote for the candidates of their choice (the choice is often and lamentably limited); members of Parliament are paid. And yet Northern Ireland is not a democracy. Republican organizations are banned by law, probably because the Republicans are the most militant opponents of the Unionist Party. Political censorship, exercised under the Special Powers Act, a notorious statute, curtails the publication of Republican views. The possession of any banned Republican newspaper, leaflet or placard is an offense punishable by imprisonment. The Minister of Home Affairs has the authority—under the Special Powers Act, the Public Order Act and the Flags and Emblems (Display) Act—to ban meetings, parades and demon-

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strations, to imprison "political suspects" without trial, to suspend *habeas corpus,* abolish inquests, seize property and enter private premises at any hour of the day or night.

Furthermore, the Parliament of Northern Ireland, though it may formally engage in debate and pass bills, is not the ultimate authority. Power lies in the Orange Order and in the Ulster Unionist Council. Decisions of Parliament, even though its Unionist members outnumber the opposition by three to one, can be, and often are, vetoed by the Orange Order and the Unionist Council. For instance, Terence O'Neill, who was Prime Minister from 1963 until May of this year, was told by the Orange Order that he could make no arrangements to meet the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic without first consulting the ruling body in the order, the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland. O'Neill was eventually undermined by the Unionist Council and forced to resign. His successor, James Chichester-Clark, the present Premier, has had to satisfy the council on certain reforms which Parliament accepted in September.

Together, the Orange Order and the Unionist Council constitute a state within a state. They are, consequently, a negation of democracy. Moreover, the Orange Order can influence the selection of Unionist candidates for Parliament. All Unionist MPs and all members of the Northern Ireland cabinet, apart from two or three who have recently left or been expelled from the order, are Orangemen.

The Orange Order, the Unionist Council and the Parliamentary Unionist Party are so closely interlaced that it is impossible to say where the influence of one ends and that of another begins. But in the opinion of some Unionists the wishes of the Orange Order are more important than the decisions of Parliament. Membership in the Orange Order is common to enlightened Unionists like Terence O'Neill and to convicted Protestant fanatics like the three murderers who are serving life sentences for crimes committed in the summer of 1966. And the Orange Order has not only made Cabinet Ministers and MPs; it has deposed them when its members felt the need to do so. In the summer of 1969 the Unionist MP for South Antrim left the Orange Order and was immediately repudiated by the Unionist association that had promoted his career in politics.

The Unionist Party started in 1886 as a coalition of Irish Tories, Liberal-Conservatives and Orange extremists in opposition to Gladstone's scheme for Irish Home Rule. They formed an alliance with the British Conservatives to depose Gladstone on the ground that he was undermining the unity of the British Empire. Thus the Unionist Party began as an organ of resistance, refusing to compromise in anything that threatened to reduce the power of the Protestant ruling cliques in Ireland, and it has changed little in more than eighty years. Today some of the more intransigent Unionist leaders are again threatening rebellion and a Rhodesia-type declaration of independence if Britain insists on reforms that will benefit the Catholics.

The 1920 Government of Ireland Act was, therefore, a measure of appeasement. It excluded Northern Ireland from the jurisdiction of the independent Irish Government in Dublin. It also gave the government and Parliament of Northern Ireland the right to make locally effective laws on local security, health and social welfare, agricultural and industrial development, labor affairs and education. But these were merely transferred powers. The government and Parliament in London remained supreme and retained control over foreign affairs, external trade, customs and excise, the major part of taxation and, by *Clause 75* of the act, "ultimate control over all persons, matters and things in Northern Ireland." Mr. James Callaghan, the British Home Secretary, exercised his authority under this part of the act when he pressed extensive reforms upon a reluctant Unionist government in September.

Trog, London Daily Mail

It's Just as Well They Believe in the Same God

These reforms are now being rushed through the Northern Ireland Parliament. Ironically, they are far more drastic than anything the more enlightened Unionists like Terence O'Neill were willing to concede at the beginning of 1969, and more revolutionary than what the Northern Ireland civil rights movement had been campaigning for since 1966. Callaghan, acting on a report from Lord Hunt and two senior British police officers, has disarmed and reorganized Northern Ireland's regular police force, the Royal Ulster Constabulary, and, in terms that cannot be refused, has asked the Northern Ireland Government to abolish its irregular force, the Ulster Special Constabulary.

The new system of security in Northern Ireland will start with the British Army, which is expected to be in occupation for at least five years. The general officer commanding the army will be responsible for raising a part-time, unpaid militia to be mobilized in emergencies and armed at his discretion. This militia will replace the Special Constabulary. Meanwhile the regular police force, the RUC, will become a civilian force but will have a reserve, the Special Patrol Group, for crowd control during political demonstrations and similar occasions.

The Special Constabulary, upward of 11,000 in strength and costing $1.25 million a year, has reacted against this plan and has been getting the support of several Unionist MPs. The Special Constabulary is an exclusively Protestant body and, according to the Cameron Commission, is, "particularly among Catholics, a partisan and

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paramilitary force." Most of the special constables, if not every one of them, are members of the Orange Order; many belong to the militant Protestant organizations that comprise the Paisley front; some have been identified as taking part in unlawful attacks on civil rights demonstrators.

Callaghan's other reforms include the appointment of a government minister to be responsible for improving community relations, and a Community Relations Board, made up of Catholics and Protestants in equal numbers, which will have power to order the prosecution of anyone whom the evidence indicates is guilty of discrimination.

A communiqué signed by the Northern Ireland cabinet and by Mr. Callaghan at the end of August affirmed that every citizen was entitled to equality of opportunity in public employment, protection against the incitement of religious hatred; fairness in the allocation of public-authority-built houses, effective means for the investigation of grievances against public bodies, and proper representation, on all elected bodies, to be assured by completely fair electoral law, boundaries and practices.

Later, when setting out in detail what these reforms meant, Callaghan told the Northern Ireland Government that the right to build houses should be taken from local authorities and that in future all houses—apart from those built and offered for sale by private firms—would be provided by a government-controlled central housing authority. This reform abolishes the corrupt Unionist system of providing council-built houses for their Protestant followers while allowing Catholics to exist in overcrowded and often condemned slums.

Discrimination in housing was seen at its worst in the summer of 1968 when the Unionists on a local council in County Tyrone gave the tenancy of a new house, in the village of Caledon, to an unmarried teen-age girl whose brother was a constable in the RUC and whose employer was a local Unionist politician. Before the young woman could take possession, civil rights leaders seized the house and installed a needy Catholic family.

Pierre, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)
"One Does What One Can"

The Caledon occupation brought Northern Ireland's entire civil rights movement into the streets. They marched in Dungannon, Derry, Belfast, Newry, Armagh and in other towns, and they were joined by Republicans, Socialists, trade unionists, Protestants who abhorred the practices of the Unionist Party. The civil rights campaign—despite attacks by police and armed civilian Protestant militants, and despite outbreaks of arson and murder in Derry on August 12 and in Belfast two days later—culminated in Callaghan's reforms.

Since the Caledon affair, and particularly since October 5, 1968, when the armed RUC attacked a civil rights march in Derry, Northern Ireland has suffered material damage to the extent of more than $60 million. At least twenty-five people have been killed, thousands made homeless, hundreds injured and scores thrown into prison.

During the last months of his premiership Terence O'Neill tried to turn back the violence. He could see that Northern Ireland was doomed if the demands of the Catholics were not met and so offered cautiously limited concessions after October 5 and appealed to reasonable men to let themselves be heard. In February 1969 he called a general election, hoping that the moderate opinion he relied upon would endorse his reforms; but his strategy failed. The election, tragically, confirmed the strength of the Unionist right wing and O'Neill was driven from the premiership on April 28.

The forces against him ranged from members and ex-members of his own cabinet, the Parliamentary Unionist Party, most of the Orange lodges and local Unionist associations, and all the militant Paisleyite Protestants, including the Ulster Volunteer Force which O'Neil had outlawed under the Special Powers Act in 1966.

To hurry O'Neill out of office the UVF carried out several major acts of sabotage in which electricity-generating and water mains were wrecked. Since the August reforms they have attempted to destroy a large hydroelectric station belonging to the government of the Irish Republic. They have bombed the Irish Radio and Television Center in Dublin, desecrated the grave of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Protestant founder of Irish Republicanism, and, early in November, set fire to the Belfast gasworks in the hope, no doubt, that the flames and exploding gas would envelop a thickly populated Catholic part of the town nearby.

The UVF sees terror and sabotage as the one way to force Britain to leave the Ulster Unionists alone. In this they are merely following a basic Unionist strategy, for as far back as 1893 Unionist militants were making bullets in back rooms and plotting to kidnap the British Premier, W. E. Gladstone. UVF terror is also directed against Northern Ireland's Catholics. Three members of this force are now serving life sentences for political murders committed in the summer of 1966. Their comrades, assisted by members of the Ulster Special Constabulary,

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mounted a murderous surprise attack on unprotected Catholics and destroyed 100 houses with gasoline bombs.

Today the situation in Northern Ireland, politically and militarily, is distressingly complicated. The British Army is in the streets, patrolling around the clock. Army barricades are erected as darkness falls, and checkpoints are manned on the main roads into the Catholic and Protestant parts of Derry and Belfast. The soldiers, most of them young, short-service volunteers, face the prospect of an icy hard winter, with often only empty factories as sleeping quarters.

All around them arms and explosives are accumulating in the hands of fanatical civilians and, as is suspected, the illegal transport of weapons into Northern Ireland, across the land border with the Irish Republic and by sea into some of the smaller ports around the coast, is increasing, though, so far, intensive searches by naval vessels in the Irish Sea and by troops on land have uncovered few guns. Catholic militants are also armed, though the greater weight of weapons is undoubtedly on the Protestant side.

The political situation is also confused. The Unionist Party is split but has not yet fallen apart. The moderates who supported O'Neill during the February election are coalescing into local "parliamentary associations" and into the rapidly growing New Ulster Movement. Some middle-class Catholics have joined them, some liberals and a few people from the Northern Ireland Labour Party.

The Unionist irreconcilables are very active. They address meetings arranged by those members of the Special Constabulary who seem determined not to accept Callaghan's plan for their dispersal. They speak at Unionist gatherings every night. On weekends, they appear in Orange lodges and call for repudiation of reform. They demand Unionist independence, an end to London's dictates and interference. They forecast rebellion and bloodshed if their demands are not satisfied.

And in all this the Northern Ireland Parliament appears to be hopelessly irrelevant. Even the reforms which Mr. Callaghan imposed so ruthlessly upon the Unionist administration seem unimportant. What is now required—and the army and police chiefs know it—is the disarming of the Protestant militants, the arrest of the UVF and the dispersal of all anti-reform organizations by force, if that should be necessary. But how long will that take—months or years—and will Northern Ireland be anything but an economic wilderness when it is over?

THE POLITICS OF PESTICIDES

MICHAEL D. GREEN
Mr. Green is a Washington correspondent for a West Coast chain of newspapers.

Washington

The Delaney clause has been part of the federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act for eleven years, but it was not applied in an issue of really major concern until Robert H. Finch, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, invoked it to ban cyclamates. The clause, named for its sponsor, Rep. James J. Delaney (D., N.Y.), provides that no food additive "shall be deemed safe if it is found to induce cancer when ingested by man *or* animal. . . ." (Emphasis added.)

In 1959, the Food and Drug Administration seized a large quantity of New Jersey cranberries that had been sprayed with aminotriazole, found to have caused cancer in laboratory animals. The Delaney clause was cited again by federal officials when they banned safrole, a flavoring that had been used in some root beers. But the effects of both actions were minor when compared with the industry alarm, public confusion and Capitol Hill restiveness that followed Finch's move against cyclamates. His action made him something of a consumer hero, but the applause from some quarters was hesitant. Finch appeared to be on edge when he announced the decision; he even snapped a public rebuke at an FDA research scientist whom, mistakenly, he charged with leaking results of cyclamate studies to the press before passing them on to her superiors.

Finch was at pains to point out that he was banning cyclamates because the law left him no choice. He threw in a few words about following "a prudent course" in matters concerning public health, but his heart did not seem in it. One can understand why: Diet food and drink is a $1-billion-a-year industry, and the decision disconcerted millions of weight-conscious Americans. Thus rumblings are being heard in some quarters, including some scientific ones, to the effect that the ban on cyclamates may represent *too* prudent concern for public health.

Dr. Frederick Coulston, director of the Institute of Experimental Pathology and Toxicology at Albany Medical College of Union University in New York, said: "This is a terrible clause. Almost anything could form a tumor under some circumstances. The clause removes a good scientific approach and reasonableness of interpretation." His view was shared by other scientists, most notably by Dr. Michael Sveda, the discoverer of cyclamates. On the other hand, the cyclamates ban was hailed, quite naturally, by Representative Delaney, who urged Finch to study hundreds of other additives, whose safety "had not been established to the satisfaction of the FDA and many other groups concerned with the health and safety of the public." He particularly asked for a close look at saccharin, the major artificial sweetener remaining to the diet industry now that cyclamates are unavailable.

The next real test of the willingness of HEW and FDA officials to enforce the Delaney stipulation came, however, from an unexpected quarter. Environmental

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scientists, biologists and others concerned with the effect of pesticide residues on food, as well as with general pesticide and other contamination of the biosphere, challenged the federal officials to set at zero the tolerance level for DDT residues in or on foods, including meat. It is virtually impossible to eliminate every trace of DDT from foodstuffs, and the effect sought was to force the growers to abandon it. The petition, addressed to FDA, was filed early in October, before Finch made his cyclamate decision, by five attorneys for California Rural Legal Assistance, an OEO agency, and the Environmental Defense Fund, Inc., a nonprofit group of biologists and ecologists located at Stony Brook, N.Y. The petition was given slight press notice at the time, but the action against the sweetener made it of major importance. The argument used by CRLA and EDF was identical to that advanced by Finch: DDT has been found to cause cancer in animals and must, under the Delaney provision, be eliminated from food products.

In an attempt to speed the process, a wider coalition, including EDF, the CRLA lawyers, former Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall and three leading conservation groups, filed a petition with Finch on October 31 asking him to set the tolerance level on DDT at zero without waiting for FDA action. A separate petition, filed with Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin, asked that the official registration of DDT as a licensed pesticide be canceled. The groups included the Sierra Club, Audubon Society and West Michigan Environmental Council, backed by the Izaak Walton League and the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC). When the Agriculture Department was confronted with a similar, recent decision in the same area, Hardin banned use of the herbicide 2,4,5-T under the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act as representing an "imminent" danger to public health.

Ultimately, it was not these efforts which moved Finch

Norris, Vancouver Sun (Canada)

"I'd Like Half a Pound of Anything You Have That Doesn't Contain Tars, Resins, Pesticide Residues, Polysupersaturated Fats, Artificial Sweeteners, Softeners, Foaming Agents or Chemical Additives."

to act, but the long-awaited report of the Special Pesticide Task Force Study headed by Dr. Emil Mrak, former chancellor of the University of California, at Davis, appointed by Finch last April.

Rejecting the request contained in the conservationists' petition to set the tolerance level for DDT at zero, Finch embraced the Mrak Commission's recommendation that DDT be restricted within two years to "essential" uses—not yet defined. In doing so, he pointedly avoided citing the Delaney clause as reason for his action. He announced instead that he would ask Congress to strike the law that foods with additives found to produce cancer in laboratory animals must be withdrawn from market. He is thus also asking that the law that caused him to ban cyclamates be removed. Finch argues that he needs more flexibility than is given him when he must ban an additive that causes cancer in mice, but which may not endanger human beings. The plausibility of the argument breaks down in Finch's own admission that no one really knows how hazardous such substances may be to human beings. The significant and major impact that weakening the Delaney amendment concept could have will perhaps be seen when Finch considers scores of other pesticides which are awaiting review and which, unlike DDT, play an increasingly important economic role. Until he acts on these, many observers will continue to eye him skeptically.

The reasons for this uncertainty are for the most part political and Finch is a highly political man. A general assault on current pesticide techniques may promise a storm far exceeding the cyclamate flurry. For one thing, diet manufacturers could absorb part of the temporary losses in highly diversified and profitable operations involving nondiet foods and drinks. Moreover, other sugar substitutes are available to take the place of cyclamates. Thus the political consequences of Finch's decision—and the pressures on him—were less intense.

But the same cannot be said of the impact on agriculture of a ban on a variety of now standard pesticides, or of the political response, in Congress and out. The power in Congress, at least in its Appropriations and Agriculture Committees, resides in senior members attuned to the interests of growers and chemical manufacturers rather than to those of consumers. They angrily regard attacks on pesticide usage as assaults on agricultural profits. Farm lobbies will be no less reluctant to put their weight on Finch in this issue.

That politics and pesticides have already mixed was made evident by the Senate's swift retaliation against the California Rural Legal Assistance when its lawyers filed their DDT petition. It also became obvious that the issue of pesticide control has become identified in conservative minds with the stormy, four-year-old nationwide table grape boycott led by Cesar Chavez, head of the UFWOC. [See "Poisons, Profits and Politics" by Ruth Harmer, *The Nation*, August 25.]

Several months ago, the union raised the issue of chemically contaminated California table grapes before the Senate subcommittee on migratory labor, chaired by

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Sen. Walter F. Mondale (D., Minn.). Chavz had lately made pesticide control one of the central issues of his organizing effort, charging that growers are using "the wrong kinds of chemicals, in the wrong amounts, and in the wrong places" in reckless disregard of the health of farm workers and consumers alike.

At this time, legislation to extend the life of OEO by two years was under consideration, and Sen. George Murphy (R., Calif.) introduced an amendment that would, in effect, make CRLA subject to Governor Reagan by providing that governors may exercise an item-by-item veto of OEO legal projects, a veto that may not be overruled by the director. At present governors may choose to accept or reject OEO legal services only in their entirety, and they may be overruled by the director.

The board of governors of the American Bar Association immediately denounced the provision as an "oppressive interference with the freedom of the lawyer and the citizen." They were soon joined by the U.S. Judicial Conference headed by Chief Justice Warren Burger, and by the National Legal Aid and Defender Association.

The amendment caught Senate liberals napping and passed 45 to 40. In a belated move to salvage what they could, the liberals waited until Murphy had left the chamber to catch a plane for California and then won Senate agreement to another amendment that would allow the President personally to overrule a governor's veto. But the victory was hollow. Southern Senators wrung a promise from the liberals that they would agree to drop their amendment in conference if Murphy, when he returned, deemed it unacceptable. He promptly did so. There was still a slim chance that Murphy's amendment would be defeated by the Congress.

Murphy made it evident that pique over the pesticide brief filed by CRLA was his chief motivation for offering the amendment. The CRLA lawyers have been a thorn in the side of the Reagan administration and of California's large growers for some time. The legal aid agency forced Reagan to restore $16 million he had cut from the state's Medicaid program, halted the flow of braceros across the border for use as strikebreakers against the UFWOC, and forced reluctant counties to adopt food programs for the needy.

Conceding that the petition to FDA was brought not on behalf of the UFWOC but of several California residents, Murphy nonetheless pointed to the link with the UFWOC's campaign. "Who is representing these petitioners?" he asked. "None other than the California Rural Legal Assistance . . . the same California Rural Legal Assistance [that] issued a press release announcing that it was representing farm workers who have filed six major lawsuits and workmen's compensation complaints concerning recurring pesticide injuries against allegedly negligent growers."

Thus the CRLA—"a tax-supported organization"—was, Murphy said, being "employed for political gain by a private group." If the logic seemed thin as justification for turning the entire project over to the control of Reagan, it did not appear to bother a majority of Senators voting that afternoon. The implications for OEO legal aid agencies located in Southern states were also clear.

The vote represented a startling lack of confidence in Donald Rumsfeld, the new OEO director. But Finch, who hopes one day to return to Republican politics in California and who would like the cooperation of Reagan and Murphy when he does so, can also read it as a political sign of the times on pesticide control.

His problem has been that he could not, like Murphy, dismiss the CRLA petition as being merely a UFWOC tactic to frighten consumers away from buying table grapes and reanimate the union's allegedly "lagging" boycott. The scientific evidence cited in the CRLA brief, including studies by the National Cancer Institute and even a 1947 study by the Food and Drug Administration itself, has been substantial. Results of a five-year study by the National Cancer Institute, not yet fully revealed, indicate that some fifty out of 130 widely used pesticides, herbicides and related chemical compounds have carcinogenic properties (*Medical World News*, March 14). Part of the study dealing specifically with DDT and reported in the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*, indicated that DDT caused cancer in mice. The results are being re-evaluated.

Cited research by Hungarian scientists showed that leukemia developed in 124 of 1,000 mice when three parts per million of DDT was added to their diets. CRLA lawyers also pointed to an FDA study showing an increased incidence of liver tumors in rats fed DDT and another study showing the formation of hepatomas in rainbow trout when DDT was introduced.

Study of the possible human implications has hardly begun, but tests at the University of Miami School of Medicine have indicated that terminal cancer victims had more than twice as much DDT in their fat as did victims of accidental death.

The problem still facing Finch is tough, and how he handles it may provide as good an indication as any of the general direction the Nixon Administration will follow on issues of consumer health. There are those who fear that for practical and political reasons he may, in implementing the Mrak Commission's recommendations on pesticide regulation in general, avoid the hard decisions that many scientists believe are required.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 554)*

State Department lie: *only if one accepts the false story can one argue that refusal to discuss the loan was not economic pressure.* Schlesinger understands that this "was impossible for the Russians to believe." Again Williams has answered him; Schlesinger's explanation "does not speak to the point of how the leaders could forget the request even if they lost the document."

But evidence exists that the leaders themselves knew the request had not been lost. As George Kennan stated at the Princeton seminar on the cold war (Feb. 15, 1968), "There've been a lot of statements that we lost the paper . . . it was not lost. It was always there in the files." At the time, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes admitted that he frankly had no desire to deal with the loan request. "I had it placed in the 'Forgotten File,'" Byrnes wrote, "as I felt sure that Fred Vinson, the new Secretary of the Treasury would not press it." *Ronald Radosh*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Politics of Objectivity

THE UNBOUND PROMETHEUS: Technological Change and Industrial Development in Western Europe from 1750 to the Present. *By David S. Landes. Cambridge University Press. 566 pp. $8.50. Paper $2.95.*

OBJECTIVITY IN SOCIAL RESEARCH. *By Gunnar Myrdal. Pantheon Books. 111 pp. $1.95 paper.*

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak teaches in the History Department at California State College at Hayward. He is the author of The Making of a Counter Culture *(Doubleday).*

It would require a deal of space simply to list the virtues of Professor Landes' history of Western European industrial development. If the study offered nothing more, its deft synthesis of monographic and learned journal material, its résumés of the technical aspects of invention and industrial organization, and its marshaling of intelligently selected statistical data would make it an indispensable reference guide.

But the book offers a very great deal more. With impressive authority, it covers a wide range of most important interpretive emphases on and insights into modern economic thought and scholarship. The business cycle and monetary theorists, the school of entrepreneurial studies, outstanding thinkers like Weber, Schumpeter and Keynes are all passed in review. Marxist criticism—while never presented with depth or great discrimination among its many varieties—is acknowledged at numerous points.

Further, the more technical features of industrialization are treated by Landes with admirable breadth; the context of social and political history is never lost from sight in the often detailed discussion of machines, techniques and organizational forms. In this respect, Landes' opening chapter is as densely thoughtful an introduction to the origins of the industrial revolution as one is apt to find anywhere. It extends—as the subject demands—from the sociology of the European bourgeoisie to deep reflections upon the psychology of Western man, his penchant for secular rationality and his "Faustian sense of mastery over man and nature."

Most significantly, Landes has attempted to assimilate the whole of Western industrialism to the study of economic growth in general. In so doing, he links his history to the most timely and hotly debated topic in contemporary economics. In a world more and more torn between developed and underdeveloped societies, growth is the prize of gold for which hosts of ideologues and theorists contend. Landes enters this battle zone, however, not as a theorist but as a workmanlike historian: one who seeks to embed the economics of growth in the thick of the Western historical record. Even W. W. Rostow's theory of "staged" development receives a coolly negative response from Landes, despite the schema's concession to real historical experience. Landes' commitment is to judge all theory against the stubborn fact and massed detail of the past to match doctrine with experience. The most he will claim for such an approach is that it leads to "a small number of middle-range conclusions" or "limited inductive analyses." As I will suggest, Landes' professed modesty in this respect is not to be taken seriously; but he has nonetheless produced a history of such authority and critical substance, that it fully deserves the place it is bound to hold for the next generation or more as a standard comparative study of industrial development in England, Germany, France and (to a lesser extent) America.

For all its many virtues, however, there is a naïveté at the heart of this highly sophisticated work. That soft center is Landes' pretense of total objectivity in his exploration of the most explosively controversial ground in the whole of modern history. The stance he affects is that of the disinterested scholar, one who practices "the historian's customary prudence" and whose research is "an effort to see things as they are," to see the past as a vast complexity allowing of no simple doctrinaire judgments. "Complexity" is a theme continually sounded throughout the study. Again and again, we are reminded that the past follows no rules, no laws, no obvious pattern; there can never be—as the ideologues insist—a single cause or a single effect. Instead, there is always "a whole array of special circumstances" surrounding great events which make "ambitious universal abstractions" and simple evaluations impossible.

> How much more agreeable it would be to reduce everything to a handful of aspects and explain these by a handful of causes! And how comforting it would be to be able to draw unambiguous lessons from this rich tapestry of human experience and present them for the guidance of the industrializers today. . . .

But these are pleasures of simplification the historian must banish.

Now, in fact, this ponderously rationalized caution on Landes' part is so much excess baggage in his book. For he has not come within hailing distance of writing an objective history of industrialization—a project that is, in any case, neither desirable nor possible. It is difficult to believe that anyone could come away from his book without recognizing that its author shows a very marked and prominent political persuasion and has allowed that viewpoint to function as his interpretive touchstone. Here is the work of an Establishment liberal, one who comes down on the side of continued, though responsibly planned technological elaboration within the existing capitalist order. While that order is seen to have its imperfections, Landes views its record as substantially commendable —the best a reasonable man could expect—and its promise undimmed. If the system's prospects are shadowed at all, it is due to the pressure of newer, Socialist economies which threaten disaster because "their economic efforts are directed not to the pursuit of wealth . . . but to the pursuit of power"—an obscure conclusion which, insofar as can be made sensible, seems to require that we forget what society it was that invented the concept of *Machtpolitik* in the first place.

As Landes would have it, where capitalist industrialism has led Western society into war or agonizing dislocation, these have been in the nature of "difficult adjustment," "the growing pains of a system in process of germination." Where it has led to depression, this has been the natural balkiness of "an overworked engine vigorously stoked. . . ." And even so, Landes reminds us—as if the observation purchased perfect indulgence—the capitalist economies did continue to *grow* throughout and despite the depression of the thirties: "The system was far from healthy; but change was built into it and more than outweighed the deleterious effects of uncertainty, periodic crises and harmful medication."

In brief, Landes is the sort of scholar one would expect to discover in

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service on the Council of Economic Advisers, or heading up a blue-ribbon committee to formulate more sophisticated guidelines for military-industrial research and development, or perhaps providing historical background for the cogitations of the Harvard Program on Technology and Society with which he has been associated. He is one who believes in *responsible* advice and the infinite possibilities of internal adjustments. Thus he is, at last, the essential conservative all Establishment liberals turn out to be: for they *will* play the game.

This does not in any sense disqualify Landes as an authority in his field or impugn the potential value of his judgments. It is only to say that he misleads us—and perhaps himself—to the degree that he assumes Establishment liberalism to be an apolitical position whose conclusions wear the costume of indubitable fact. Landes' brand of politics does indeed blend unobtrusively into the landscape of the *status quo*; but its low visibility hardly renders it nonexistent.

Some forty years ago, Sir John Clapham set about writing just such an objective history of early industrialism in Great Britain. The ponderous tomes he produced remain immensely useful in any number of ways; but it has not required much effort on the part of left-wing economic historians like E. P. Thompson and Eric Hobsbawm to reveal the essentially conservative politics that underlies such purported detachment. Landes' history, while vastly more readable, much resembles Clapham's work. There is the same heavy use of statistics, the same skirting and playing down of working-class hardships, the same softening of issues of social justice by way of invoking historical necessity, the long-term trends and the eventual high productivity of the system.

There is, too, the same arbitrary waving aside of basic, but troublesome questions. Confronted with the much debated issues of social dislocation and human misery in early industrial England, Landes identifies them as a continuing "matter of controversy" among rival schools of thought, and assures us that "this is not the place to assess these judgments." Confronted with the all-important question of whether the advent of industrialism has improved or weakened our cultural health, he decides "there is no point in arguing here whether the change is for the better or worse. The question is one of ends more than means and has its place in moral philosophy not economic history."

But of course such lines of intellectual demarcation are no more real than any scholar cares to make them. It is not professional law but personal choice that licenses Landes to write a history of technological development which ignores the work of those (like Lewis Mumford, Jacques Ellul, Siegfried Giedion and Roderick Seidenberg) who have challenged our society's facile and orthodox optimism regarding industrialism. And the result of such neglect is not objectivity but interpretation.

Terminology alone reveals Landes' predilections. Preindustrial social structures are referred to as "sluggish" and a "handicap"; their removal is a "liberation" which allows an economy to "advance" toward "maturity." Increase of industrialization is always seen as "progress." The fullness of industrialism is designated as a state of "rationality," despite the fact that, as Landes recognizes, the pursuit of industrial supremacy has turned into "a race without a finishing line," rather like the Caucus Race in *Alice in Wonderland*. But Landes' sequestered bias shows up no place more notably than in the final portions of his study where he identifies technological research and development as the probably inexhaustible new investment frontier which has carried us out of the doldrums of the thirties into an era of unprecedented growth, especially in the United States. Research and development were, as Landes puts it, "the silent, steady work" beneath the surface of the depression's apparent disaster. Those who first perceived this shining horizon were the "visionaries" of their generation, for they saw the promise hidden within a line of economic advance that then "seemed to rest on the pathological foundation of war and preparation for war." "Seemed" —as if it did not still.

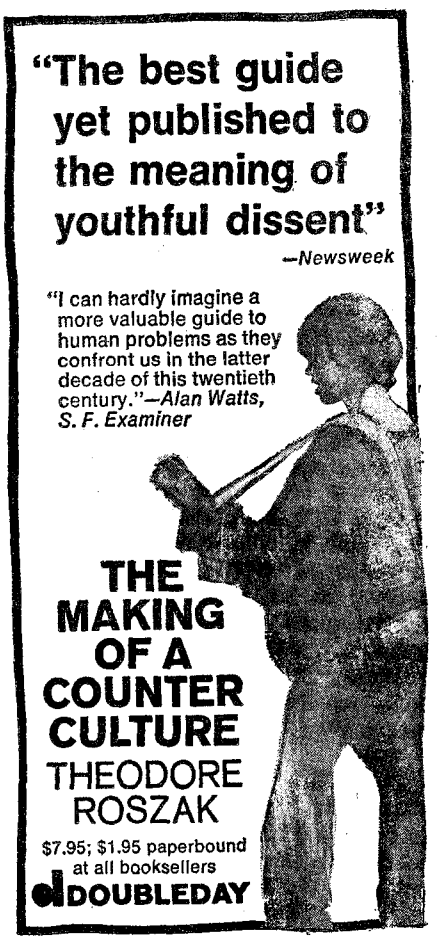
The argument that much of the so-called growth we have known since World War II is but a statistical figment conjured up out of profit-bearing waste, disposable and nondisposable junk, ecological blight, careerist research mongering, and military boondoggling does not significantly figure in Landes' analysis. Provided it registers in the GNP, growth is its own justification. Nor does he acknowledge the relationship of this high-industrial "race without a finish line," along with the technological congestion it yields, to the development in our midst of a social system beholden to elitist expertise monopolized by industry, the military and the state. With these factors slighted or ignored, it is little wonder that Landes can provide his study with a brightly upbeat finish. He quotes from *Fortune* magazine:

> . . . capitalism as a whole is *not* subject to a ceiling of diminishing returns; innovation is *not* a self-exhausting process; the era of radical change we now experience is *not* headed toward a new "point of rest"; all the buffalo on the plains of progress have *not* been shot—indeed, they are breeding faster and faster.

The optimism of this conclusion will be lost upon those of us who begin to feel more and more like the buffalo on that fateful and bloody plain.

What we have in Landes' history, therefore, is a celebration of capitalist industrialism, of its ingenuity, its dynamism, its Promethean *élan*. No reader could miss the author's admiration for the system's daring and munificence, or his eager anticipation of its exciting and productive future. And, to be sure, there is no reason why economic history should not be written from that ethical perspective, since it also has insights to offer. That is why it is so amusing for Landes to parade a quaintly Rankean historicism across his pages, and to knock the left wingers so often for their bad habit of simplifying the vast complexity of the past. If radical economists and scholars have thinned the historical shrubbery, it has been to reveal the rascals that hide therein. Those who replace the bushes are not being more objective; they are only practicing a different sort of politics.

The gist of the criticism I make here is well set forth in Gunnar Myrdal's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extended essay, *Objectivity in Social Research*, now available in a paperback issue that should enjoy widespread use on the campuses.

> No social science or particular branch of social research [Myrdal tells us] can pretend to be "amoral" or "apolitical." No social science can ever be "neutral" or simply "factual," indeed not "objective" in the traditional meaning of these terms. Research is always and by logical necessity based on moral and political valuations, and the researcher should be obliged to account for them explicitly.

Myrdal takes rather a long time saying not very much more than this in the essay. But he says it with mighty conviction. And it is a truth that continues to bear much repetition.

Individuality and Numerosity

OF BEING NUMEROUS. *By George Oppen. New Directions. 64 pp. $4.25.*

L. S. DEMBO

Mr. Dembo is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin and the editor of Contemporary Literature. *He is the author, among other books, of* Conceptions of Reality in Modern American Poetry *(University of California Press).*

When George Oppen stopped writing poetry in the mid-1930s, he had behind him only a small volume of imagistic poems, hardly enough to mark him for the stature he has achieved today. His efflorescence, after twenty-five years of silence, is remarkable. It would be irrelevant to speculate on what Oppen might have done had he been writing steadily, just as it would be sentimental to lament his silence. The four volumes that he has completed are in themselves an impressive contribution to American poetry.

There is nothing in his first volume, *Discrete Series*, to suggest that Oppen's social consciousness was strong enough to lead him to abandon poetry and commit himself fully to political activism. Yet that is exactly what he did. He and his wife joined the Communist Party in 1935, not for philosophic reasons, says Oppen, but out of the desire to do something about mass hunger. That this decision was not foreshadowed in *Discrete Series* is characteristic of Oppen's whole way of viewing his art. He never believed that politics could be made into poetry or, conversely, that poetry could have any effect on social conditions. When a poet could no longer tolerate what he saw before his eyes, Oppen felt, poetry was a luxury.

The following two and a half decades were years of activism, military service and exile. Harassed by the McCarthy committee in 1950, faced with the prospect of informing on friends or going to jail, he fled to Mexico with his wife and child and did not return until 1958, after McCarthy's death. By this time he had been working on some new poems. This opened his most creative period. In 1962 New Directions/*San Francisco Review* published *The Materials* and in 1965, *This in Which*. This year, his stature finally recognized beyond a small group of poets and critics, he won the Pulitzer Prize for *Of Being Numerous*.

Just as Oppen's involvement in political activities marked a divorce from poetry, so his return to poetry marked an exhaustion with politics. Unsurprisingly, the latter poems proceed from the same "objectivist" impulse as the earlier, even though they are, of course, broader in subject and more profound. While Louis Zukofsky, Charles Reznikoff, and Oppen himself have all denied the existence of a coherent movement called "Objectivism," the label remains useful. It is unimportant, for example, that Zukofsky's manifesto in the February 1931 issue of *Poetry* was as baffling to Reznikoff, whose poetry Zukofsky used to exemplify his theory, as to Oppen and many of the magazine's readers. More important is that each of the poets had a notion of what he himself meant by "objectivist"; and Oppen's interpretation is the key to all his work.

Objectivism begins for Oppen as an attempt to "construct a method of thought from the imagist technique of poetry—from the imagist intensity of vision." He called it a test of sincerity, based on the idea "that there is a moment, an actual time, when you believe something to be true, and you construct a meaning from these moments of conviction." "Imagist thought," first embodied in *Discrete Series*, is a form of nominalism in which appreciation of the existence of an object, in its tangibility or luminosity, is the primary poetic feeling. The moment of conviction is aesthetic, not philosophic or ethical:

> *the thing*
> *Happening, filling our eyesight*
> *Out to the horizon—I remember the sky*
> *And the moving sea.*

The world that is impenetrable to the "power and weight of the mind" reveals itself, in its own way, to the man who is capable "of that emotion/Which causes/To see"; that is, to the man who can experience "a lyric reaction to the world." Poetry, then, ought not to have a social or moral intention, any more than the poet should be what Oppen called a "medical pragmatist" offering remedies. What matters is the "sense of the poet's self among things," not a display of "right thinking and right sentiment," which could not "substantiate themselves in the concrete material of the poem."

The aesthetic qualities of objects or events—apprehended not in terms of their associations or conventional meaning but in terms of their form or motion—were considered by Oppen to be "empirical." They nonetheless depend on the point of view of the perceiver. The chief interest in *Discrete Series* is not so much what is observed but how it is observed or experienced. For instance, here is how a woman appears to a nominalist sexually aroused:

> *She lies, hip high,*
> *On a flat bed*
> *While the after—*
> *Sun passes.*
>
> *Plant, I breathe—*
> *O Clearly*
> *Eyes legs arms hands fingers,*
> *Simple legs in silk.*

The subject of the poem is not the lady but the poet who, Oppen explains, regards her as though he were a plant closed in on himself. As a matter of fact, the lady is perceived not as a person but as a set of particulars or visual sensations; such constitutes her greatest "reality" for the speaker.

In the later poems Oppen's phenomenological bent becomes unmistakable. "Thought leaps upon us because we are here," he writes in "World, World" (*This in Which*). Still rigorously reporting only what he has "seen" or truly sensed, he begins to describe a world of alienation and loss—a world lethal and unknowable yet offering moments of intense aesthetic vision. In poems like "The Return," which reflect (but never declare) Oppen's profound sense of estrangement on his return to New York from Mexico; "Resort," in which he views himself as though he were an alien object; or "Tourist's Eye," in which he vainly tries to penetrate beyond the "mineral fact" of the city, and the sheer "numerosity" of men, to a vision of "humanity" and a sense of continuity, Oppen reveals the human, if stark, struggle that underlies the perceptions of the objectivist. Nonetheless, he could still say—and say characteristically—that "we want to be

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here" and that he himself lived not from lack of courage to commit suicide but in affirmation of life. Again, what redeemed the world for Oppen was the "lyric valuable."

Poetry thus became for Oppen the language of faith in the material world and the means for expressing its ultimate mystery. Commenting on "Psalm," he argued that in uttering small words like "sun" and "shade" one implied an entire cosmos. "It's a tremendous structure," he said, "to have built out of a few small nouns." The noun is the central part of speech in Oppen's universe, since it signifies the existence of an object but provides no knowledge about it:

There are words that mean nothing
But there is something to mean,
Not a declaration which is truth
But a thing
Which is.

That reality—as epitomized, for example, by the islands in the polar mist of "Narrative"—can inspire the poet with dread and the sense of *Néant*, as well as with joy and the sense of Being, points up the profound ambivalence in Oppen's view of the world. The "life of the mind," which Oppen believes to be the only life for humanity, coexists with *Angst*, boredom and despair. Yet underlying these opposing responses is the idea that reality in all its manifestations must be respected as truth. Nontruth is represented by the invented ethic, detached from actual feeling, or in objects, by the hollow decorations of an affluent civilization.

Of Being Numerous, with the title poem and its sequel, "Route," gathers up the themes of the preceding volumes into a coherent meditation. Both are major poems which mingle autobiography and metaphysics in an objectivist style that is anything but confessional. Investigating the philosophic implications of his own experiences and, conversely, the experiential basis of his philosophic generalizations, Oppen reveals little of himself except his proclivity to avoid soul searching. Furthermore, if "Of Being Numerous" and "Route" can be called meditative poems, they are meditative according to the logic of "imagistic thought." That is, each is a mosaic of observations that might justly be considered a discrete series; they are phenomenological rather than psychological renditions of the poet's consciousness, as the opening lines of "Of Being Numerous" indicate:

There are things
We live among "and to see them
Is to know ourselves."

"Of Being Numerous" is concerned with individuality and "numerosity." One of the important, if obscure, questions it raises is, Is there such a thing as "humanity," a vital whole that might be its own justification for living, or are men simply numerous, part of a meaningless, "infinite series"? The poem begins with an inquiry into the nature of men's lives in the city. (Many of the sections are taken from "A Language of New York" in *This in Which*.) The things we live among are "sad marvels," the "mineral facts" of skyscrapers, that can be seen but not comprehended. The city merely exists; it has no meaningful or recoverable past; life is pure "occurrence"; the poet finds himself incapable of living in any time but the present.

Frozen in the moonlight
In the frozen air over the footpath,
consciousness

Which has nothing to gain, which
awaits nothing,
Which loves itself

The poet is aware of his own individuality, but it is an awareness made possible only by the sense of isolation. Undoubtedly Oppen's actual exile lies behind this universal appraisal, and a personal sense of shipwreck gives force to the abstraction:

The isolated man is dead, his world
around him exhausted

And he fails! He fails, that meditative
man!

• • •

Obsessed, bewildered

By the shipwreck
Of the singular

We have chosen the meaning
Of being numerous.

The Singular Man had the power of seeing intensely but not of communicating; the shipwreck of the singular is really the failure of the poet to reach a community.

Underlying all the tensions of the poem is a crisis of faith in which Oppen posits an idea of humanity but cannot consistently believe in the metaphysic that will transform the infinite series of single lives into continuity and community, "the metaphysic/On which rest/The boundaries/Of our distances." Generations succeed one another, Oppen implies, only to be lost in "the great mineral silence . . . a process/Completing itself." The poem accordingly ends with a quotation from Whitman in which the capitol dome at sunset is described: "it dazzles and glistens like a big star: it looks quite . . . curious. . . ."

"At the end of a very long poem," Oppen remarked, "I couldn't find anything more positive to say than that."

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The "first eyes" of the poet can be bedazzled but all they can *know* is "the noon's/Own vacuity." The anticlimactic comment marks the totality of the poet's knowledge of what he beholds. Aesthetic vision must be its own excuse for being, for there is nothing beyond it.

No less intense a poem than "Of Being Numerous," "Route" reflects the profound determinism that marks the whole range of Oppen's work. It has a vision of love, but love understood as a biological phenomenon. A matter of chromosomes and genes, it "occurs," no less unknowable an event than any other natural phenomenon. "Route" sees aesthetic clarity as the sum of knowledge:

One man could not understand me
because I was saying
simple things; it seemed to him that
nothing was being
said. I was saying: there is a mountain,
there is a lake. . . .

The poem tells a pathetic story, from real life, about Alsatian men who hid themselves in holes to avoid conscription by the Nazis. But the story is presented in understated irony and in a casual tone, as part of the poet's "reportage" of the way men behave and the way things occur. Characteristically, Oppen does not comment on the horrors of war; his real subject in this section is the strength of authentic feelings, the psychological realities that are prior to all intellectual constructions, ethics included:

Wars that are just? A simpler question:
In the event,
will you or will you not want to kill a
German. Because
in the event, if you do not want to,
you won't.

Consistent with his biological and psychological determinism, Oppen does not see war as a form of evil but rather of insanity. And if the genes do not produce love, "we will produce no sane man again."

Oppen is not the kind of man to call attention to himself; he is unpretentious, soft-spoken and, above all, modest. These perhaps are the personal qualities that lie behind his impersonal style, which is never strident, but generates its own kind of power. In his stark, chiseled idiom he frequently achieves a "limited, limiting clarity." His own poetic ideal is that of the existential man in general whose integrity compels him to face down an absurd universe and whose lucidity keeps him from despair. Behind Oppen's impersonal "reportage" there is all the intensity of personal conviction, unjeopardized by sentimentality and romantic egoism. Oppen has realized the full potential of his objectivist allegiance: he has become a poet of the first order.

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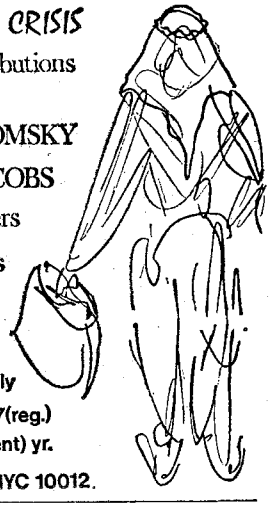

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Comic Surrealism

THE BAMBOO BED. *By William Eastlake. Simon & Schuster. 350 pp. $6.50.*

BEVERLY GROSS

The Bamboo Bed is the nickname of a helicopter belonging to the Search and Rescue Squad which swoops high over the Vietnamese jungle during battle supposedly in search of the wounded and the lost. Manning the Bamboo Bed, far from the controls, indifferent to where they may be floating, Captain Knightbridge makes love to Nurse Jane. No one ever gets saved by the Bamboo Bed, except perhaps the lovemakers. An image of suspended indifference, the Bamboo Bed captivates everyone's imagination and serves as a fitting emblem for this novel.

The title has a multiplicity of meanings. The dead and dying have their own bamboo bed: the thick underbrush of the jungle floor is a natural bier. The comic absurdity of William Eastlake's novel does not diminish, in fact depends upon, the impact of wanton, illimitable human destruction. On Hill 904, along with the "gin bottles, marijuana wrappers . . . autographs of Hubert Horatio Humphrey and the movie stars who visited the Hill on a calm day" are "millions of gallons of red blood as though it had been sprayed there by defoliation mission, all of a year's output of something from a chemical company for which the stockholders received a supplemental year's-end dividend and caused the stock to jump up three and five eighths."

Mme. Dieudonné has a large circular bamboo bed in her underground villa ("very difficult to believe unless you have tried to live on top in Vietnam"). Mme. Dieudonné is the widow of the owner of a large rubber plantation whose crop gets exported to France for the manufacture of the world's finest condoms. Like everyone else in the novel she is indifferent to the struggle, unconcerned about the progress of the war (everyone believes, perhaps rightly, that it will last forever). The war, which destroys her lover, touches her not at all. She abides at the end of the novel as she is likely to abide at the end of the war, whatever its outcome.

The Bamboo Bed is not a political novel, hardly even a war novel. It is neither realistic nor (in the ordinary sense of the term) hard-hitting. A brilliant, strange, wondrous performance: it is the kind of feather that knocks you over. It has something of the black humor of *Catch-22* which it superficially resembles. But Eastlake has done something more than spawn a sequel to Joseph Heller's novel. *Catch-22* is set in World War II—*set in*: any conflagration could have been used as the backdrop to its madness. *The Bamboo Bed is* the war in Vietnam.

The novel is about destruction, sudden and slow. Almost everyone gets killed. Clancy, the Captain of A for Alpha Company, the lover of Mme. Dieudonné, is lost in the jungle slowly dying from his battle wounds. Captain Clancy is the hero in this novel (not the hero *of* it: *The Bamboo Bed* has no heroes in that sense). Clancy is a war hero, scarred

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from battle, a more or less honorable man, who is responsible for some victories and for one terrible defeat, the battle at Ridge Red Boy when the whole of A for Alpha Company was wiped out. Clancy's life is regarded as worth preserving by people who are not bent on preserving anything much any more: they want to save him for his symbolic value.

There has never been a band of such symbol hunters since the Middle Ages. It is as though the characters are bent on denying reality by their random, absurd, contradictory symbolizing. It is their way of leveling things, people, the war itself; their way of endowing the meaningless with something resembling significance.

That meaninglessness is the comic surface, the horrifying subsurface of Eastlake's narrative. The war has no meaning, it is fought for no issues: none is ever mentioned, none ever thought of. The Viet Cong is simply the Unfriendlies. The men see themselves engaged in a contest between the Friendlies (us) and the Unfriendlies (Victor Charlie). If there is heroism and nobility,[3] it is for reasons having nothing to do with outside commitments. Weintraub, the draft resister who was vengefully singled out by his local draft board, turns out to be the straightest shooter in the company. "If they hadn't drafted you you'd still be in the peace marches," Clancy tells him. "You'd never know what a killer you are." The war is fought on such places as Hill 904, alternately Ours and Theirs. ("Up the Hill 904 the Americans went. Down the Hill 904 the Americans came. . . . The Americans did this again and again and again and again. Why? Because it was a habit now. The Americans were hooked on Hill 904.")

The peculiar quality of this book comes largely from the way such oddities are taken so easily for granted. No one is much struck by the presence of two flower children, a guitar-playing deserter and his girl friend wearing an "I HAVE A DREAM" button, who sit in the jungle singing *Where Have All the Flowers Gone*. Colonel Yvor, armless (although it is later confirmed that he has had his arms pinioned to his chest under a plaster cast—for aesthetic reasons), who in his claim never to have read a book is deemed the real spirit of the Vietnamese War. Three Orientals attached to the company, Karl Marx, Ho Chi Minh and The Naked Chinaman, are the only ones who know how to repair the helicopter. Oliver and Elgar, the Company WASPs, negotiate the sale of a bridge to the Viet Cong ("It was our extra bridge we had coming into the town. There were two so we sold one. It was 'extra.' ") It all seems normal to everyone.

"You're not going crazy, Weintraub," Appelfinger said.

"Sure?"

"Yes. I know enough about evolution to know that man adapts."

"You mean if he adapts to insanity he's not going crazy?"

"Yes," Appelfinger said.

"But he's crazy if he doesn't become crazy? If everyone else is crazy?"

"Yes."

"Why is that?"

"Because we have to set a norm," Appelfinger said. "Even if that norm is crazy. It's called a mean."

"And you never went to college?"

"No. I studied evolution on my own."

The impact of *The Bamboo Bed* comes from its peculiar disjointedness. It is comic surrealism: the sudden shifting between hilarity and outrage; recognizable reality giving way to the symbolic, the mythic, the gothic, the absurd.

> Now the jungle made sounds. The awful silence had given way to the noises that usually accompany an American motion picture. The cry of gaudy birds seemed fake. The complaints of small animals, distant, remote, like some sound track that had blurred, some other mix for a different cinema, so that you . . . expected that the next reel would announce the mistake, that this war would have to start all over again. . . .

The dialogue is the same sort of mixture. Alternately serious and nonsensical, the exchanges between characters shift radically through impossible spheres. They speak in crisp *non sequiturs* which have the feel of soldier talk, but the movement of an animated Magritte.

> "It's a beautiful Vietnamese day, isn't it?"
>
> "It sure is, sir."
>
> "Billy Joe, why do you wear that Confederate flag in your buttonhole?"
>
> "I don't know, sir."
>
> "Billy Joe, what are you doing in this war?"
>
> "Driving the chopper."
>
> "Answer me."
>
> "Stopping the Communists."
>
> Colonel Yvor thought about this while watching the green monsoon sky above the dark jungle below.
>
> "Very well, Billy Joe, you may place the cigar in my mouth."

The war in Vietnam may seem startling material for comic surrealism. World War II had been two decades behind us before we were confronted with *Catch-22*. But to feel the surrealism of our involvement (as the commentators term it) in Vietnam may not require the perspective of time. Especially when

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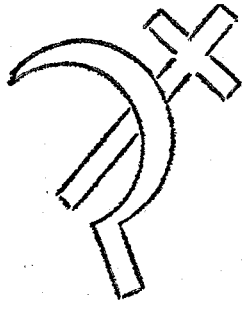

Contents:

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- **Pope Gregory the Great endorses Communism**
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we are so amply conditioned by such announcements as Richard Nixon's tongue-twisted explanation, in his Election Eve address, of why the United States is going to continue its present war policy: "I believe it will succeed. If it does not succeed, what the critics say now won't matter. Or if it does succeed, what the critics say now won't matter. If it does not succeed, anything I say won't matter." He sounds like someone speaking in *The Bamboo Bed.* Eastlake's army of oddballs is given a certain verisimilitude by our President.

A myth is a fiction that makes it possible to deal with the ineffable. Some myths are pernicious, which is why, as Mailer tells us, we are in Vietnam. *The Bamboo Bed,* a mythic exercise in its own right, deflates the myth behind our involvement in Vietnam by mythologizing that war out of existence.

Their Finest Hour

THE PEOPLE'S WAR: Britain, 1939-1945. *By Angus Calder. Pantheon Books. 640 pp. $8.95.*

C. H. ROLPH

Mr. Rolph is the legal correspondent for the New Statesman. *He is the author of many books, including* The Trial of Lady Chatterley *(Penguin) and, most recently,* Law and the Common Man *(C. C. Thomas). He was former Chief Inspector of the City of London Police.*

Almost everyone who was an adult in wartime Britain will find in Dr. Angus Calder's monumental book many sources of riveting interest. He has assembled a wealth of social, political and gossipy detail that most of us previously knew nothing of. But having been there, one might also discover some odd gaps in what Dr. Calder has provided (I think, for instance, that he overlooks the role of the police during the blitz; many of them died in "heavy rescue" operations and a good many of them lived permanently in public shelters because their homes were blitzed). His history does contain some errors of fact and inference. The errors in so vast a scrapbook are remarkably few and usually unimportant: but it's a kind of testimony to the vividness of the narrative that one is concerned with such details.

Churchill did not, as president of the Board of Trade in 1909, "introduce Labour Exchanges in Britain." They were then more than twenty years old, and his government merely recognized and adopted them. In June 1940 we didn't get, "each morning," news that "more and more troops had been brought out of Dunkirk"; we got only rumors. Officially there was a deafening silence until the operation was all over. The air raid wardens did not "appear to the working class to be no more than lackeys of the police, a traditional enemy." They were a bit of a bore about blackout curtains and about hand torches not properly dimmed, but in the poorest districts of East London (to take an example I happen to know about) the warden became everybody's friend. And "in a period which spawned ominous clusters of initials . . . the soldiers added an unofficial one of their own: 'P.B.I.,' poor bloody infantry." That christening actually dates from 1916 and Passchendaele, where the infantry were sent over in expendable waves and died uselessly by the tens of thousands.

But it comes as a genuine surprise to learn that in London only 4 per cent of the people slept in the underground stations, for as Calder says, "some accounts of the blitz make it sound as if almost everyone took to the tubes." Incidentally he faithfully records the half-guilty horror with which the normal Londoner gazed upon the Neanderthal faces of some of those unexpected fellow citizens. Nor did I know that in the passive defense period of 1939 the millions of coffins made ready for us were of papier-mâché; or that the snakes in the London zoo were put to death, "to the manifest sorrow of their keepers." I never heard of the priceless Lancashire magistrate who said: "This is a people's war as well as ours." Calder's many references to Churchill addressing "his" people on the wireless suggest that he sometimes perceives the same essential attitude in Churchill as in the Lancashire J.P. I don't think many of us knew that Beaverbrook wanted to oust Churchill as Premier, though in this book the evidence is clear enough. I think our blood would have run even colder if we had known *that.* And I didn't know, and can still hardly believe, that Sir Herbert Read, of all people, had "produced the suggestion that there should be official war poets."

Calder gives a merciless close-up of Churchill, the warts touched in faithfully with care. But this huge and absorbing tome, vivid history written by a man who is too young to have seen it happen, read by one who had an uncomfortable bit part in it, perfectly understands Churchill's uniqueness:

Churchill's famous phrases—"blood,

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sweat, toil and tears," "their finest hour," "we shall never surrender," did express something inarticulate, perhaps dormant but perhaps not, in the hearts and minds of his countrymen of most classes. They achieved their effect by a heroic yet very simple expression of the will to resist ("we shall fight them in the hills"), and by invoking the naive sense of nationhood and history which most of his literate subjects shared with him. Undoubtedly the middle classes at least, hearing his perorations, felt that they stood with Churchill on the heroic landscape of his imagination, and that the spirits of Alfred the Great and Nelson were with them. No other politician had the literary equipment and physical presence to give that kind of lead.

That is absolutely true, and (if you leave out the reference to Churchill's "subjects" which, I repeat, is going a bit too far), it has never been better expressed.

The book produces some enchanting antitheses, some of which (you may feel) must have been thoughtfully worked out. "*The Daily Mirror*," Calder says in his account of V-E Day, "fulfilling a faith long held in the fighting services, rejoiced by disrobing completely the hitherto tantalising 'Jane' [the comic strip heroine who was always losing some one of her essential garments]. Crowds massed, on the other hand, at St. Paul's Cathedral which was packed with worshippers all day." Those words—"on the other hand"—do an important job there. And when the two sides of a question get separated by several hundred pages, some unintentional *gaffes* are produced. Early in the book, there is a defense of "Bomber Harris," who is said to have been "unfairly blamed as a bloodthirsty ogre" for organizing those fearful air attacks on German cities; 300 pages later we learn that he was allowed at the end of the war "to follow his own whim" to "the point of manifest lunacy"—this was when he destroyed the beautiful city of Dresden in the hope of ending the war quickly by shattering German morale. (I'm told in Germany that German morale knew nothing about Dresden for many weeks.)

A marvelous book, nevertheless. There is another whole volume of information buried in the end notes. I relived the London war in these pages. And I salute a man who can combine the industry, the eclecticism and the literary grace to make one read compulsorily more than a quarter of a million words almost nonstop.

Theatre in Dublin

CATHARINE HUGHES

Miss Hughes is the American theatre critic for Plays and Players *(London) and contributes regularly to* Show Business *and* America. *Her* Madame Lafayette *was produced Off-Broadway several seasons ago.*

The indignation of the Irish press notwithstanding, it was only appropriate that the greatest stir at this year's Dublin Theatre Festival was created not by plays but by Playboy bunnies. Or, to be more accurate, by Playboy bunnies who never were, but who someone thought should have been, if only to rescue the limping Festival Club, in earlier years the center for late night gossip and Guinness.

As for the plays themselves—eighteen in twelve days—I would have been hard put to come up with a negative response for the cheerful Irishman who inquired, "Are they as bad as ever this year?" With a few exceptions, they sadly were, and even the exceptions were generally more interesting for what they had to say politically than for what they demonstrated artistically.

"Free Stevie Doherty" proclaimed the handbills passed out to the audience at the end of the first act of John Boyd's *The Assassin*. "We defend entirely the action of our brother Stephen Doherty. When he pulled the trigger in an attempt to free our country from the fascist tyranny of Col. Luther Lamb and all his followers, he struck a blow not for himself, not for personal gain, but for Ulster and for freedom." And, just in case the message needed underlining, there were signs demanding "Civil and Religious Liberty FOR ALL," "One Man, One Vote," "No Pope Here," "Up King Billy!", and voices singing *We Shall Overcome* in the background.

It couldn't have been more topical: the Londonderry demonstrations that brought Northern Ireland's explosive civil rights question out into the streets had occurred exactly a year earlier, and the bloodiest fighting yet was to occur in Belfast exactly a week later.

Actually, Boyd's play, although billed as a world première, was an updated version of one produced in Belfast in substantially milder form a few years ago. His Belfast is grim, fearful, torn by conflict—though perhaps not quite so grim or fearful as I found it as I walked along the Shankill Road a week later. And his central figure, the fanatic Rev. Col. Luther A. Lamb, though he contains elements of other Ulster demagogues, is so obviously Ian Paisley (even to a marked

AN INSIDE VIEW OF OUR NATIONAL MILITARY ACADEMIES

By RAY HILL
Associated Press Writer

"The Brass Factories" by J. Arthur Heise (Public Affairs Press) is "inside stuff" on the nation's three military academies.

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As Heise sees it, "The fact is that the men from West Point and Annapolis, with those from Colorado Springs only a few steps behind, have what is nearly a monopoly on the brass hats of the military-industrial complex. This domination makes the first level of the uniformed military hierarchy—the three service academies—crucially important."

The author didn't start out to deal with the military-industrial complex, nor with comparisons between the military campuses and other institutions of higher learning, but the book's appearance now proves to be very timely.

Heise, a reporter for the Buffalo Evening News, who in 1962-1965 was a member of the faculty at the Air Force Academy, was assigned as a newsman to look into the 1967 cheating scandal in Colorado.

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resemblance on the part of the actor who portrays him) that a defending attorney in a libel suit—if libel there be—would find it difficult to suppress a wink. There are "Lambites" instead of Paisleyites, and even an American college president from the Bible Belt (for which, presumably, one may read the Rev. Bob Jones, who by coincidence was visiting Paisley in Belfast that very week).

The Assassin opens with a rally celebrating the Reverend Lamb's election to Parliament and his shooting by a young lapsed Catholic member of the People's Democracy. The critically wounded cleric is taken to the hospital where, in a nicely ironic touch, he is nursed by a Roman Catholic nun ("If he woke up and found himself in a popish hospital . . ." moans his election agent).

In the flash-backs that follow, Boyd traces Lamb's career from his boyhood, where he acquires his initiation in bigotry from an aunt and uncle, through a first job which in time sends him to "the great Protestant U.S.A.," where he perfects his inclinations and is encouraged to emulate Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" speech—"the technique only"—a recording of which is played at some length, and thence to "Go home and sell the Lord." Returning to Ulster, he takes up his demagogic role, proclaiming: "There will be no surrender to Rome," forming the Evangelical Party, and providing bayonet lessons for his followers ("Remember, you're doing this for the Lord. . . . This is a holy and a righteous war. . . . God is on our side").

For all its considerable theatricality—its simulated civil rights rally, RUC men in the aisles and armed troops and barricades confronting the audience—*The Assassin* is far from as effective as one suspects it might have been. Its characters are plucked from the front pages and television screens, with little effort to flesh them out or explore their motivations, and its rambling, episodic structure prevents it from achieving either focus or impact. Boyd is decidedly on the side of the angels, his message being the futility of violence, whether by the exploiters or the exploited. And when his Colonel Lamb dies at the play's end there can be no disputing the "You fool, you've made him a martyr," which a warder utters to his assassin. Words very like them were to be spoken—mistakenly as it turned out—only a few feet away from me some nine days later in Belfast. But the streets of Belfast are one thing and the stalls of a theatre in Dublin quite another. There are plays to be written on the turmoil that is Northern Ireland today, but I cannot help feeling they are more likely to be found in the faces one sees in the Bogside or Shankill Road than in the headlines of the *Belfast Telegraph*—or, for that matter, of Dublin's *Evening Press* or *The New York Times*.

If only because its central figure is Biblical—at least ostensibly—Conor Cruise O'Brien's *King Herod Explains* is on safer ground. Not that it is really any less topical, if one accepts the idea that leaders are the product of the led, their culpability our culpability. "On whose hands is there not blood?" asks Hilton Edwards in one of the focal questions of an hourlong monologue which is at least as much a triumph for the actor as it is an impressive playwriting debut for the author. (*Murderous Angels*, O'Brien's play about Dag Hammarskjöld's role in the death of Patrice Lumumba, although written earlier, will not have its première until next February, at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles.)

Herod comes on stage in evening dress, dons an ornate robe and, puffing a large cigar, proceeds to indict the press—notably St. Matthew—for circulating the erroneous idea that it was he who was responsible for the Massacre of the Innocents. No, it was not he, Herod, King of the Jews, but Herod the Tetrarch of Galilee. *He* merely liquidated his own family; for reasons of state, of course, the peace of his kingdom. Any other ruler—Kennedy, Churchill, Stalin, De Valera—would have done the same, political necessity dictating. Kennedy, he reminds a planted heckler, was involved in the Bay of Pigs. There was Vietnam. . . . Why should he, Herod, feel guilty? Why should *he* be indicted for the sort of political pragmatism that goes on all the time?

The questions are not dissimilar to those raised in *Murderous Angels*, with its exploration of ends and means, principle and expediency. Where the newer play differs most markedly—apart from the controversy quotient—is in the extent to which the audience is implicated and found wanting. The topicality is occasionally forced ("These Pharisees—they were rather like your New Left: prickly"), but essentially Dr. O'Brien makes his case, scores his debater's points, with considerable skill. And since the "foe" he scores them off is really the audience—whose secret wishes, he suggests, are the stuff of the politicians' overt actions—what emerges is, in the end, more than a simple fantasy of self-justification. When, however, Herod hears the off-stage cry of a child in the night, his confidence and sense of irony desert him: we are, after all, responsible for the human consequences of our actions, and "There are no politics at three o'clock in the morning."

For the rest—or at least that part attainable to someone who could be in only one theatre at one time—there was less to be said. The "names" disappointed, Sir Tyrone Guthrie, for example, being represented with a frequently static overproduction of *Swift*, a new play by Eugene McCabe.

Swift is one of those diffuse, episodic theatre chronicles which attempts, with flash-backs, to explore and explain the behavior of a Great Man. Its major premise seems to be that Swift was scarred for life when abandoned in early childhood by his mother, and that this bore fruit in his later relationships with Stella and Vanessa, neither of whom he married, both of whom, along with his mother and other figures from the past, emerge in his nightmare.

Seventy-year-old Micheál MacLiammoir (who, with Hilton Edwards, his partner of forty years, has just been given a government grant to take over once more the Gate Theatre, which the two men founded in 1928) portrays Swift, and portrays him to the hilt, with hunched shoulders, sonorous rhetoric and no little relish. One of the London critics remarked, with condescension, that if it hadn't been in Dublin, "you'd call it ham." Though I greatly admire MacLiammoir, I'd still have to call it a trifle melodramatic.

The Festival's other major event, at least on paper, was *The Barracks*, adapted

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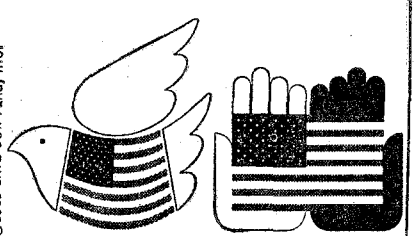

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from John McGahern's fine novel by Hugh Leonard (*Stephen D*, etc.), who seems to be turning into the Festival's resident adapter. It is a plodding, melodramatic effort at best, capturing little of the atmosphere or poignance of the original. Set in a Garda (police) station in the west of Ireland, it tells of a sergeant, gentle, well-meaning, a widower with three children, and his second, considerably younger wife, who develops breast cancer, is successfully operated on, but dies shortly thereafter of a heart condition. Interspersed are intrusive, badly handled flash-backs to her earlier life and love in London, terminated by the lover's death in an auto accident.

Perhaps the novel is one not suited to a transition to the stage. Whatever the case, Leonard failed not only to re-create the oppressive sense of stagnation and isolation that would have made it a successful stage work on that level but to give it sufficient momentum or focus. It had moments, to be sure, but they were more extraneous than integral—entertaining performances by two of the police officers and three engaging, believable child actors. But at the core, where there would seem to have been the possibility for genuinely moving drama, there was only sentimentality.

All in all, then, this year's Festival turned out more adventurous politically than it was successful artistically. Which, in one sense, may be a step forward for Dublin, but certainly cannot be considered one for the theatre. Not in a country which likes to boast of its O'Caseys, Joyces, Behans and Becketts. There were no new O'Caseys on view in Dublin, merely an old one: yet another revival of *Juno and the Paycock* at the Abbey. As an image, it will do.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

I have written about William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* so many times that I would almost have preferred to note summarily that it is surely one of the best plays the American theatre has produced and to have that opinion stand by itself. But certain reactions to its revival at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center provoke me to say something more.

The Time of Your Life is not "dated"; it is a folk tale. It is not merely a play of the 1930s' depression, although its surface associations pin it down in time. It catches something permanently benevolent, gusty, zestful in the American ethos. It is as native to us as *Huckleberry Finn*, with greater contemporary relevance.

When in the fifties I spoke of the play I said that it was pre-beatnick. Today I would say it is pre-hippie. What was and is salutary in these trends is their resistance to the fierce aggressiveness which springs from the very mechanism of our industrial civilization. Those who are strong and mature seek by active political and cultural means to lift the burden of evil attendant on our success-crazy society; the more innocent drift toward a passivity which consists chiefly of nonparticipation in the drive toward noisy achievement. Unconsciously, this withdrawal from the mad push is something like a religious phenomenon. It is the way of both the saintly and the pure in heart among humble folk.

A corresponding sentiment lies deeply rooted in our people ever since we have become *big*. Hence the fascination with the hobo; it is a sort of nostalgia, almost envy. Secretly we harbor an irrepressible affection for the person who invites his soul, dreams, laughs, talks with quiet compassion to his fellow man and hurts no one. There is a certain strength in this. Many among today's youth are in accord with this spirit. It is no less important and valuable for being deficient in "logic."

The tone of Saroyan's play is one of lyric anarchism. It is sentimental in a way that one should be ashamed not to be. Saroyan, it has never been sufficiently realized, writes beautifully, without any trace of affectation. His language is robust, juicy, colorful—true Americana with no vulgarity or recourse to current smart talk. It is lightened by warm laughter. It is loose but not limp. There is a wonderful freedom in it. It will for a long time remain representative of what is most attractive in us. In every respect *The Time of Your Life* rises head and shoulders above most of the new young dramatists whose work is too often imitative in style, petty in feeling, frivolously ambitious, shrilly pretentious.

The play has always been staged as if it were realism. It is real, but not "realistic." Its characters are painted in tender "clown" pigments; the world they float in is delicately inebriate, harmlessly "psychedelic." When Robert Lewis first attempted its direction for the Theatre Guild in 1939 he was aware of this aspect of the play and tried, with the support of a Boris Aronson setting, to embody its locale as a sort of modest dream palace, a realm apart from the main drag, an essential San Francisco in which different ethnic strains blended in the soft air of that still gracious town, as if all were bathed in a shimmering mist.

Saroyan insisted at the time that the saloon in which the action takes place be literally rendered as a drab and crumby little joint. The play came to New York in that guise, with an excellent cast but with the other elements of production indifferent—the whole sufficient to carry the play's "message."

Saroyan may have been right. But I have always hoped to see the play done poetically, with its fancy made visible, and with more song in its total expression. Alas, no one has as yet had the imagination, courage and skill to do so. The production at the Repertory Theater under John Hirsch's direction is adequate on the level of a conventional reading. The setting is as ugly as anyone would have such a place be. It is, moreover, so huge that the play's intimacy is entirely lost.

The cast contains several good actors, but they are all directed prosily; the result is pedestrian and rather heavy. There is hardly a lift in the lot, except for Robert Symonds as the delightfully mendacious soothsayer Kit Carson. That part in itself is one of the play's triumphs and Symonds lets it fly him high in the atmosphere to which the entire evening should soar.

Despite my regret that its production is not pitched in its proper key, I recommend your seeing *The Time of Your Life* (especially if you have never seen it before) and congratulate the organization at Lincoln Center for having undertaken its revival.

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ART / Lawrence Alloway

The exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art called "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" has caused some agitation about who's in and who's out. This was generated mainly by the friends and supporters of artists who were passed over, and then fanned by those critics who welcome any mischief they can stir up in New York art circles. The discontent (it is a good deal short of controversy) seems to me off the point because the exhibition is not a historical one. It is a string of beads. Taken as an anthology of forty-three one-man shows, not as one big show, it makes sense. Nobody who knows the career of Henry Geldzahler, the curator who staged the shows, could have expected a proportionate or causal presentation. Taken hedonistically, however, these exhibitions are a marvelous suite, a Versailles of *avant-gardes,* that you are free to perambulate in any order.

That makes two big *un*historical shows of recent American art this season. First was "The New American Painting: the First Generation" at the Museum of Modern Art, which was unrepresentative because the museum's own collection is not complete. As the scope of the collection was, in effect, the show's subject, the lacunas were legitimate and supposedly temporary. Mr. Geldzahler's gala suspends historical fact in favor of visual pleasure. He gives no attention to priorities or dependencies and has not tried to emphasize initiating or pivotal works. However gratitude is appropriate, if not admiration, for the assembling of these more than 400 works.

Essentially it is a show of familiar works, either of paintings often seen in New York, or of pieces typical of the great moments and famous themes of various artists (squares, stars and stripes, Campbell soup cans, Cubis and elegies, for instance). In the absence of a supportive argument or a historical purpose, it presents itself as a bouquet of taste. The exercise of connoisseurship which the forty-three shows elicit is rewarding, for the level of sophistication and of performance revealed by these works has no equal in the world. Their strength in terms of sensuous display is extraordinary. Such a chain of shows is to be enjoyed mainly in terms of the connoisseurship of art at an authoritative and imperial stage. That is not, it is true, the level of American art's most interesting achievements but, given this compilation, it emerges as the only common denominator. That is why disagreements about the cast are irrelevant. If the show had specific aims, some of the exclusions would matter, as would some of the overshowings. As it is, we need do no more than count the beads and our blessings which are numerous.

To view American art in terms of connoisseurship, that is to say in terms of refined visual judgment, runs against one's habit. When American painting was newly articulate and very *postwar* it was defined by its rare supporters in terms of freedom from convention and praised for its toughness and innocence. In line with a preoccupation of the period, American art was regarded as poor but honest by comparison with the skills and sneaky enchantments of European art. It is hard to recall this feeling, surrounded at the Met by such incontestably glowing bits of *Art,* but the criticism of twenty years ago attests to its existence. Now, however, it is certain that American art of the period 1940-69 has changed one's view of earlier modern art. One of the reasons why Picasso seems so coarsely schematic to my eyes, I take it, is that I was raised on Abstract Expressionist color.

Frederick Jackson Turner's history of America as an endless frontier, so dear to the mythological imagination, is now decisively inappropriate (as it was when President Eisenhower opened the General Motors Technical Center by invoking it). The Met demonstrates what it feels like to be not at the edge but on top. American art has become the world's orthodoxy. An orthodoxy is not an academy, not a reactionary group, but simply the working group that knows a subject best, whether it is electronics or acrylic paints. It is the professional group that sets, by its achievement, the level of knowledge and the direction of research in its field. From the experience of orthodoxy (dominant and productive) American art derives its confidence and scale. We are now at the point where a style previously celebrated for its abrasive and revolutionary poverty must be recognized securely as art. The paintings in the Met set a standard of vivacity and consistency that European art of the same period knows little of.

These reflections on connoisseurship and orthodoxy arise from the need to supply an explanation for the pleasure and the detachment one feels at the exhibition. It must be stressed that I am speaking of the cumulative effect of all those grand, original, rich and well-made pieces. What one of the artists looks like, out of the context of affluent peers, can be seen by going to the Museum of Modern Art for the Claes Oldenburg retrospective. In the Met his half dozen pieces are handsome, perfectly fit members of the super show. In his retrospective he looks very different, not just because he is seen in depth but because he is out of the cultural shop winow.

One of the beauties of Oldenburg's work is that it comes out of new classificatory systems and embodies them in subtle objects. He is never engaged in distortion as is Picasso, for example, when he takes an existing pictorial format, such as the seated woman as defined by Baroque portraiture, and then twists it and knocks it about. Oldenburg's forms are analogues of city and body; he initiates affinities between hardware and software, turning the X of man-machine contact into a big soft kiss. His writing gives clues to the proliferating homologies of his art, as when he lists a chain of transformations, "Earrings—airplane wheels—brassiere—breasts." "Orphic Annie" is a characteristic phrase and this is a characteristic observation: "the lipstick did a strong flirt with the bullet." His work is continually metamorphic while being absolutely full and solid as an object in view.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1322

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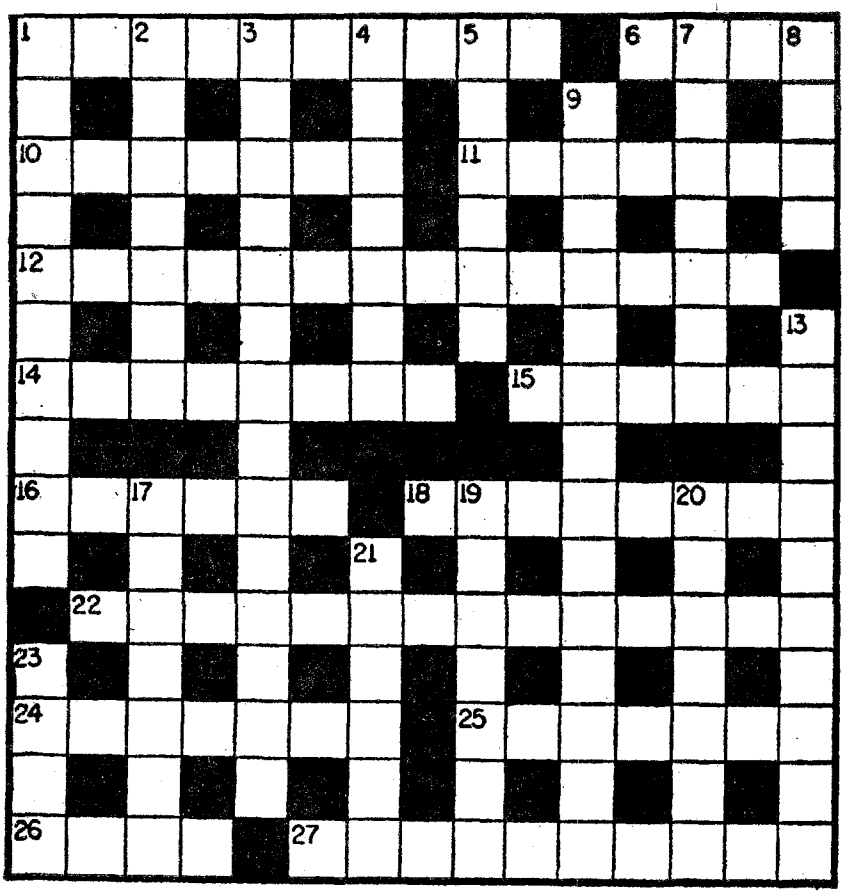

ACROSS

1 What agricultural researchers do, as some saw things. (5-5)
6 Proving it's no good rising to the top! (4)
10 Do they offer encouragement for such as pigs? (7)
11 Sinkers, hopefully—or those who just set. (7)
12 Dante must enter in a make-up that is traditionally British. (14)
14 Seven has to be, to be scalene. (8)
15 There might be a projection on one to check the character. (6)
16 Broken down in two directions, but gives quality. (6)
18 Things that you can count or recount should be. (8)
22 Clear profit, as they say. (You can show it on your own account.) (5,2,3,4)
24 Grumbled because increase came first?
25 Board that shows the reverse of skill in a certain number. (7)
26 It might be stuffed in your engagement book. (4)
27 With not enough scolding to be like some sleepers? (10)

DOWN

1 Crated with nothing in it, except the carpet inside, which is all wrinkled. (10)
2 What you expect to be delivered may be to show how the soldier stops. (2,5)
3 Big-shot directors, or the ones you take in front seats? (8,6)
4 To steer in the right formation might imply you deserve a medal. (7)
5 Attribute. (6)
7 Macbeth wanted to the suff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart. (7)
8 and 23 down Needed, by the sound of it, the main body ripened. (8)
9 Some of the things you might lick, he's interested in saving. (5,9)
13 Not 18, possibly, and even not thought of. (10)
17 Proud to make one showing a certain lack of attendance? (4-3)
19 The first or the last term. (7)
20 Spenser coined the word to describe the bleating herds. (7)
21 Refuse, in a way, to do something other than brighten up the study. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1321

ACROSS: 1 Paper dolls; 6 Sham; 10 Twosome; 11 Wharton; 12 Oran; 13 Bellwether; 15 Ageless; 16 Wounded; 17 Orchids; 20 and 27 What You Will; 22 Doubtfully; 23 Swat; 25 Hairnet; 26 Enforce; 28 Persistent. DOWN: 1 Puts on a good show; 2 Probate; 3 Rook; 4 Openers; 5 Low blow; 7 Hatched; 8 Minor adjustment; 9 Cane sugar; 14 Depicting; 18 Crucial; 19 Scuttle; 20 Wallets; 21 Yew tree; 24 Efts.

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